

WEST BANK CANADIAN SETTLERS
IN HARM'S WAY

OLYMPICS TORONTO FOR 2008,
POUND FOR PREZ

Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

July 16, 2001

www.macleans.ca \$4.50

**MORDECAI
RICHLER**

1931-2001

\$4.50



WORK.

BRIDGE.

PLAY.



Jeep
THERE'S ONLY ONE.

THE NEW JEEP LIBERTY IS HERE. Whether you're climbing the corporate ladder or seeking a mountain, the Liberty is designed to get you there. Equipped with Jeep 4x4 power and a new independent front suspension, its available V6 engine will soon have you sitting on top. The new 2002 Jeep Liberty. Finally. A vehicle that bridges the gap between your two worlds. Starting at just \$22,930*. To learn more, call 1-800-363-5700 or visit us at www.jeep-liberty.ca.

MSRP. A suggested retail price of \$22,930. Excludes taxes, license, title, and dealer fees. Dealer sets actual price. *MSRP. Excludes taxes, license, title, and dealer fees. Dealer sets actual price.

This

JULY 26, 2001 VOL. 114 NO. 29

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 Editorial
- 4 Letters
- 10 Overture/Passage
- 16 The Week that Was
- 18 Cover
- 30 Canada
Deb Grey bids a not-so-fond farewell to Stedwell Day
- 32 Canada and the World
According to the United Nations, we're new No. 3.
- 36 Business
Algoma Steel's woes cut to the heart of St. Catharines
- 40 Tech Explorer
ATMs become more accessible
- 42 People
- 44 Space
Tomb Raider gets the "frees" Canadian2 back in action.
- 46 Sports
- 48 Books
The true story behind *Jaws*
- 50 Art
Canada's finest artists push their craft into the realm of art.
- 53 Films
Montreal plays itself in *The Snow*
- 54 Entertainment Notes
Rogers takes control of Sportsnet for music fans, they say it all.

COLUMNS

- 14 Barbara Amiel
- 56 Allan Fotheringham

Focus piece: The Quebec

Editorial and advertising offices: 1000 Boul. St. Laurent, 10th floor, Montreal, Quebec H2Z 1A5. Tel: (514) 987-3333. Fax: (514) 987-3334. E-mail: info@thisweek.ca. Web: www.thisweek.ca. Circulation: 100,000 copies per week. Subscription rates: \$12.99 per month plus GST. Single copies: \$3.99. Classified advertising: \$1.50 per line per day. Back issues: \$5.00 per copy. Copyright © 2001 by Rogers Media Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada. Printed on recycled paper. Printed by Rogers Media Inc. Printed in Canada. Printed on recycled paper.

ROGERS MEDIA

Week

Maclean's
Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

COVER

18 A MAN OF HIS TIME

Montreal's Richler once wrote that he was "forever rooted in Montreal's St. Urban Street. That was my time, my place, and I have elected myself to get it right." He's gone now, but he was able to leave us knowing that he exceeded his own expectations.



26 MAMMOTH DISCOVERIES

Footprints left by woolly mammoths in Alberta and 13,000 years ago are leading scientists to new views of ancient history—and to a new theory about when and how early man first reached the New World.



46 RACE FOR THE RINGS

Toronto is bidding for the 2008 Games and Montreal's Richard Poon is running for president at International Olympic Committee meetings in Moscow this week. But, in both cases, the Canadians will have to come from behind to win.



82 UNDER SIEGE

Since 1967, thousands of Jews, among them the Wilbursheds of Montreal, have moved to Israeli from lands in the occupied territories. To some they're heroes, to others enemies standing in the way of peace.



From the Editor

The apprenticeship of Mordecai

Mordecai Richler and *Mordecai* go back a long way together. Starting in 1958, Richler published 48 pieces in the magazine—including essays and reports from Europe and the Middle East. His debut piece for *Mordecai*—a reprint of a novel he wrote—appeared when he was an impoverished author finishing over mixed reviews of his first novel, *The Asshole*. But somebody at *Mordecai* recognized Richler as The New Big Thing, because the following year, we ran two excerpts from his second book, *The Apprenticeship of David Klein*. This novel made Richler a literary star—a position he held for the rest of his life.

Richler's death last week marked more than just a professional loss for many of the people who worked on our cover tribute to him. Contributing Editor Barbara Aronow, at the requests in her column (page 14), first met Richler in the early 1970s and recognized a kindred spirit, someone with "the wit and wit of most modern fable." Tony (Aunt) Moshe, the gifted cartoonist who offered some of his best drawings of Richler, was a friend of the author who drew the cover for one of his books—and shared the same snail's pace vision of the world. Quebec Bureau Chief Benoit Aubin developed a friendship with Richler based in part on points of disagreement. Aubin recounts how he won a keynote speaker at a toast for Richler in the early 1990s. *Aubin* was then managing editor of the Montreal daily *Le Devoir*, one of Richler's favorite rages. After Aubin effec-

tively drowned Richler, the stressed author made sure they got together on future occasions for lunch or drinks.

At the same time, don't something make you inevitable about the subject of one of our other features alongside the Richler memorial this week. Correspondent Eric Silver traveled to a Jewish settlement on the West Bank to profile some Canadian-born Israelis living there. Richler made his first trip to Israel in 1962 and *Mordecai* correspondents assigned to write a three-part series about the country. He summed up his feelings at the end of his second piece, writing "What, in God's name, was I doing in Israel? Lying by the pool, I was constantly nagged by this question. I wasn't there as an observer. I had come to write about it. Would it be enough to map the colourful phantasies of the selling, detail, and set it down for the half-remembered structure of readers in Moore Jew or Miesner? No."

He does, of course, did precisely that. Much as Richler enjoyed mocking others, he was equally prepared to make fun of himself. the selling, detail, and set it down for the half-remembered structure of readers in Moore Jew or Miesner? No?"

He does, of course, did precisely that. Much as Richler enjoyed mocking others, he was equally prepared to make fun of himself.

Andy Uehling

response@mcneil.ca or comment on From the Editor



NEWSROOM NOTES

Tracking the past

As a reporter, *Montreal* Calgary Bureau Chief Brian Bergman has traveled to some of Canada's more remote corners by some unconventional means—including a week-long dogged trek on Baffin Island, followed by a team of adventurers headed for Greenland, as well as a two-day horse-drawn wagon ride through Saskatchewan's Cypress Hills in the company of Mounties marking the 125th anniversary of the Long March

West by the original North West Mounted Police. But a recent three-hour drive south of Calgary, on an archeological dig near the Alberta-Manitoba border, took Bergman to an entirely unique place—and time. There, a team of University of Calgary scientists proudly showed off its



Like the stonemasons, Bergman found his imagination stirred at the sight of the tracks, among thousands of ancient footprints the bear witness to a time when mammoths, caribou and caribou and pre-iced horses strided the western plains. "It's easy to find yourself dreaming

of what it must have looked like to many years ago," says Bergman. "The Rockies stand there unchanged, but the creatures who once grazed here are all gone. It's an amazing thing to follow in their footsteps."

WITHOUT INTEGRATED INFRASTRUCTURE, THINGS GET COMPLICATED

NOT TO MENTION A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE



Fig. 1. Good infrastructure



Fig. 2. Bad infrastructure

Everything depends on infrastructure. Everything. But few people pay much attention to it. Until the network goes down. The Web site goes down. Right along with customer satisfaction...and profits.

The more business relationships you integrate, the more demands you place on your IT infrastructure. Which is where IBM comes in. We can help you to build the right e-business infrastructure for your business. One that's open. Secure. Scalable. Integrated. And, most important, reliable.

We've helped thousands of companies, small and large, to become e-businesses — companies like **Whirlpool**®.

With our e-business infrastructure solution, Whirlpool's online B2B portal cut traditional sales costs by 80%. And, these IBM-based B2B sites for small appliances and accessories now draw over 3.8 million visitors a month and achieved a 90% ROI in five months.

IBM provides integration services to make your systems work with those of your customers, suppliers and partners. We've created powerful Web-enabled software, as well as e-business web capacity that grows on demand. And we're investing heavily in open-source platforms like Linux®. Find out how we can help you at ibm.com/biz-business/ibm or call 1-800-450-7000 ext. 4388.

IBM

@ business infrastructure

© 2001 IBM Corporation. All rights reserved. IBM and the e-business logo are trademarks of IBM Corporation. Other company product and service names may be trade names or service marks of others. © 2001 IBM Corporation. All rights reserved.

Lafayette Plaza, Fairbrough. It takes nothing away from McCurdy's feat to refer to it as the first flight in Canada.

H. M. MacLeod, Winnipeg, N.S.

Re: your article on the 50 who choose to stay—how could you have overlooked Ronette Hawkins?

Ronette Hawkins, Peterborough

Speaking of whom . . .

My name is Ronette Hawkins, and I'm lucky enough to know David Foster pretty good (not good enough to borrow any money from). But if I owned the country, he would be the very first one I would



Portrait of Ronette Hawkins

call to write a national anthem for me. He's all Canadian and one of the best ears Canada has ever produced (but he can't play rock 'n' roll). I have said that David Foster produces "insignificant songs" ("Strike up the band," Overmure, July 1). Well, whenever worst that should have been with me out in Muddy at David Foster's studio—it looks like a Grammy award! Keep your ear to those forgettable songs you been put out, David, and we'll be Switzerland.

Ronette Hawkins, Peterborough, Ont.

Day at the movies

While witnessing the heart-breaking demise of the Canadian Alliance at the hands of Stuckwell Day ("Mortal wounds," Canada, June 18), one can't help but be reminded of the tragic antics of the infamous Captain Qiang in the Hollywood classic *The Gate of Heaven*. Qiang also refused to apologize when he ordered his ship to aid in a cruise disaster while blaming his "diagonal" officers for the steady stream of calamities that was caused by his own personal incompetence and paranoia.

Pete Arnold, Victoria

Much to the delight of the news media, the news media have successfully and totally destroyed the Alliance party of Canada. Members of the media will give each other great rewards for a job well done. Our Prime Minister can make so many shady hotel deals as he wants, and yet our media must give him and save all their mad for Stuckwell Day, the only upright politician in our country.

Peter Neubold, Winnipeg

'The real brain drain'

Surely the Canada25 group, sponsored in part by a couple of Americans who have made their fortune in Canada with Boon,

have got it backwards ("The magnetic north," July 1). These will always be talented, privileged, ambitious people who head for the bright lights, big paychecks and status of the United States. But then again, the United States draws talent from every corner of the globe. Of far more concern to these young people should be the millions of young Canadians who drop out of high school, can't afford university and lead lives of under-

achievement. The reality of many to compete is the real brain drain with which we must all be concerned.

Tim Kelly, Ontario, Ont.

As an IT graduate for over a year, one who has yet to find work, I sympathize with Canadians who leave Canada in order to find jobs. Having taken an alternative route to higher education, I am not eligible to cross borders in search of employment. That leaves me mired in my headland, caught in the dead-end cycle of "no job," followed by "no experience, no job." I find myself stuck in a country preoccupied with the talent already gone, while not paying enough attention to the talent that is here.

Peter Barry, St. John's, Nfld.

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

Editor: Andrew Wilson-Edwards

Board of Editors:
 Bill Leach (Executive Editor),
 Michael Sauter (Editor),
 Ann-Doreen Johnson (Editor),
 Robert Hamilton (Editor),
 Stephen Manning (Editor),
 Patricia Harty (Editor),
 David Sauter (Editor),
 John Gorton (Editor),
 Peter Bragg (Editor),
 Brian McClellan (Editor),
 Special Projects:
 Max Russell (Editor),
 National Correspondents:
 Mary-Jane (Editor),
 Kathleen Macdonald (Editor),
 National Editors:
 John Deacon (Editor),
 Tom Power (Editor),
 Barbara Wilson (Editor),
 Manager of Financial Services:
 and a Vice President:
 Susan Wilson.

Editorial:
 Brian Wilson, Editor, David Johnson,
 Susan Wilson, Editor, Susan Wilson,
 Associate Editor:
 Brenda Deane (Editor),
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Assistant Editor: Amy Carson,
 Editor:
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 John Deacon, Editor,
 Kathleen Macdonald, Editor,
 Stephen Manning, Editor,
 Patricia Harty, Editor,
 David Sauter, Editor,
 John Gorton, Editor,
 Peter Bragg, Editor,
 Brian McClellan, Editor,
 Special Projects:
 Max Russell, Editor,
 National Correspondents:
 Mary-Jane, Editor,
 Kathleen Macdonald, Editor,
 National Editors:
 John Deacon, Editor,
 Tom Power, Editor,
 Barbara Wilson, Editor,

Photo Department: Andrew Ford,
 Margaret Ford, Editor,
 Michael Ford, Editor,
 Art Department:
 Bill Leach, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,

Design Department: David Sauter,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,

Production: Susan Wilson,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,

Advertising:
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,
 Susan Wilson, Editor,

Build a reputation on STRENGTH and STABILITY and THE AWARDS will come

"BEST FUND MANAGEMENT GROUP" — REUTERS

Japan	UK	US	Europe	UK	US	Hong Kong	Other Emerging
Japan	UK	US	Europe	UK	US	Hong Kong	Other Emerging
Japan	UK	US	Europe	UK	US	Hong Kong	Other Emerging

Every year, Reuters surveys thousands of fund, institutional investors to determine which management group is on top of their funds around the world. The results for 2000 are in and Fidelity finished first in 8 out of 9 surveys.

Fidelity is not only the largest fund company investing on your behalf around the world. They are the only one that continues to consistently win awards in the places they're in. Which is good news for you, because if Fidelity can go on into the world and bring back international awards every year, imagine what they can bring to your portfolio.

Fidelity Investments
 WHERE 15 MILLION INVESTORS PUT THEIR TRUST

To find out about Fidelity funds, speak to your investment professional, visit www.fidelity.ca or call 1 800 263-4077.

Fund and a Fund company are not covered by investment professionals before investing. Mutual funds are not guaranteed. Share values change frequently. Investors may experience a gain or loss. 2000 awards received by Fidelity Investments Limited and sponsored by Reuters.

**EVERYTHING YOU
EVER WANTED IN AN SUV.
LIKE A PICKUP.**



The *Avalanche* can change from an SUV to a full-size pickup in under a minute.

It's one thing for Chevy to create the perfect SUV. Or to create a full-size pickup by which all other trucks in its class are measured. But to create a hybrid using the best elements of each is something no other company could have dared.

Introducing Chevy *Avalanche*. The Ultimate Utility Vehicle. With its patented Midgate[™], *Avalanche* easily converts between six-passenger SUV and full-size pickup or any of several in-between combinations. Making the best of both worlds just that much better.

THE ALL-NEW 2002 CHEVY AVALANCHE
WITH THE EXCLUSIVE MIDGATE[™]

AVALANCHE  **CHEVY TRUCKS**

THE MOST DEPENDABLE, LONGEST-LASTING TRUCKS ON THE ROAD.*

Overture

@madras.ca

Edited by Shanda Dend with Amy Cernora



The beauty of beach volleyball

SNIVELLER OR SIX PACK

An increasing number of Canadians are discovering that sports scope for summertime fun: sand and volleyball. Beach volleyball season is in full swing with events like last weekend's Beachfest on Mooney's Bay in Ottawa drawing tens of thousands of

fans. Here Madras' serves up some related trivia and facts:

- 1 Beach volleyball originated as a family sport (like softball) in the 1920s in Santa Monica, Calif.
- 2 In 1927, it became the sport of choice at a French resort colony in Franceville.
- 3 The first official two-man tournament took place in 1947 in California.
- 4 In the 1960s, Marilyn Monroe, the Beatles and president John F. Kennedy all played on California beaches, albeit separately.
- 5 Beach volleyball appeared as an Olympic event for the first time in 1996 in Atlanta—the Canadian men's duo John Child and Mark Heese won the bronze medal. It was the third-fastest event to get out.
- 6 As Chik, as it is at Westbreak Hotel, is the shot that just misses and costs you the game.
- 7 A silver ball is a served ball that lands within the boundaries, unreturned by the receiving team.
- 8 A six pack refers to when a player gets hit in the face by the ball. Edgewood says that whenever he hit the ball should play the victim a six pack to hit the ball.
- 9 A sniveller is an offensive shot that hits the top of the net and barely rolls over.

WOBBLY AT WIMBLEDON

"I said it was all his, he can pick up the ball if he wants, he decided, I guess he didn't want to go up my shorts, 'No, leave, it was a funny moment.'"
—**Pete Sampras** on his attempt at humor during Wimbledon. In his fifth against **Seigie**

Maybe it was Sampras' tense joke that made Williams wobble

ting 30, but in my heart I said I know I can come back."
—**Serena Williams** after her seven Wimbledon titles in the past eight years, after her surprising loss to 15-year-old **Roger Federer**



—**Serena Williams** on her strong post-performance against **Jennifer Capriati**. During the Wimbledon match, Williams left the court twice for nausea and diarrhea.

Over and Under Achievers

'A very, very sweet man'

Deb, she's had enough! Pierre, he can't get enough! And Madras can't resist his underplate and heartflair

◆ **Deborah Gray**: Could have appeared better getting Stock Day's caucus, but instead Reform embolism par rounded sensible.

◆ **Pierre Karl Péladeau**: Quebecor chief Greg Cutford appeal to buy TVA network, a pillar of his planned Montreal-based multimedia giant.

◆ **Gordon Campbell**: B.C.'s new Grek premier is seen wiser in approving official Opposition status for NDP caucus of two. Rules require five.

◆ **Gary Dear**: Manitoba premier under pressure to do something about Winnipeg gang crime after three shootings and a firebombing.

◆ **Jon Clontar**: Jean unimpaired where calling Montreal Richier "quintessential Canadian man of words," whatever that means.

◆ **Wally Savage**: Richier's westerling-hale barnyard says he was a "very, very sweet man and he put legs on himself," and we know what she means.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Madras Prings, on our previous day on the so-called

Canada Aero Canada IM
"For summer reading, I'll go with the new John Irving novel, *The Fourth Horse*, and read *The Shipping News* (J. Annie Proulx) because that is such a great book. And then there is some talk I wouldn't miss—*Happy Times* by Lee Radziwiłł, (son of the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis). I wanted to look at more pictures of Jackie and Lee and their lives."

George H. W. Bush, *Madras* says

"I'm reading *The Lotus and the Olive Tree* (understanding *Globe*), by Thomas L. Friedman. I've got elements of globalization that I'm cool with and elements that I'm not so cool with. I think it's important to know all of it—this book provides me with a context I don't get on the news."



Barry Newman, author and executive editor of *Globe's* National with **Kevin Newman**

"I've recently finished reading *Game of Fire* by Steven Pressfield. It's historical fiction by a former U.S. marine, now living in Malibu."

It's about a small group of Spartan warriors marching towards inevitable death at the hands of a very larger Persian army. The dialogue is often Sonnets, beautifully written and always compelling."



Straight as an Arrow

Forty-two years after **Canada Aero** program was killed, a 10-year-old boy from Bragg Creek, Alta., is about to bring the story of the failed jet to life. **Nikolai Dineen Karaym** and his mother, **Joan Dineen**, have written a children's book detailing the rise and fall of the twin-engine jet. "Almost all flight plans are made in the U.S., so I thought it was really cool when I found out that the Arrow was Canadian," says the young author, who can often be found in his room throwing darts at a hand-drawn picture of former prime minister **John Diefenbaker**—the man who



Karaym has a hand with John Diefenbaker

cancelled the project in 1959. During a family trip to Ottawa two years ago, Karaym saw an Arrow Aero exhibit at the National Aviation Museum. He became enthralled with how modern the jet was for its time. Dineen approached Donette Hyatt, the curator of a Calgary-based museum dedicated to the history of the Arrow, with their

idea of writing a book. Hyatt gave the museum's support behind the project, in part because it involved a young author. "While his mother had more of the writing, Karaym, who hopes one day to be an architect, provided all the technical details. "Nikolai has a real knack for highly technical information," says Dineen, 44. A

John Kishel

WHALE BITES BOAT

Catch John John, he is a New York businessman who was aboard the yacht *Penningo* last week when it was stuck by a whale. An insurance claim, made in six months by the fact that crew member **John Falkner** was killed. While doing the repairs, "It's a junk boat and I had plenty of time," says Falkner, who was a third of the way through the boat's engine when the whale bit into the hull. "I was better than to read it."

Unlike the weekend when that *Penningo* Capt. Falkner, who was probably a long-time collector for the owner on the Grand Banks, likely hit the US-yacht by accident. At first, Falkner and others feared the yacht had hit a container ship from a freighter's container. But then a crew member spotted the whale's flipper. Falkner's wife and mother of the *Penningo* Coast Guard—two men the yacht to safety in St. John's—concluded that the whale had struck the vessel, and not the other way around, colliding with the vessel at the rear of the boat.

The *Penningo* was heading to England for the America's Cup sailing in August. "I was just in the



Falkner (left) and Falkner's mother Dick (right)

believed" said co-skipper **Don Foster**, 51, of Rye, N.Y. "I've never been hit by a whale before—very few people have. It's like winning the lottery, except it costs."

John Gorman



Somebody's summer job

I know there are a lot of them in the city of Toronto. I can see by the number of hits on the student job search Web sites I can tell by the lines of hopeful young people at the copy centre, waiting to find their résumé through the fax machine. I even see them on the street—throng of unemployed youth who look just like me. They, too, are waiting, not for practical clothing and carrying square black résumé holders. It's the season of summer job hunters, and this city is filled to capacity.

For a month, every day, I apply for at least three jobs. I write straightforward, specific cover letters for each potential employer. On my résumé, I list hard-earned work experience in the retail and service industry, numerous volunteer positions and varied skills from being bilingual to computer- savvy. I have an art history degree from Queen's University and I'm working on a second in journalism at Ryerson University. I am a responsible graduate student. To me, "graduate student" translates to mature and studious person. A person who is ready to handle a serious job—a journalism internship, administrative work in a small art gallery, that to prospective employers. I am merely No. 3608 in the stack of résumés that flood their fax machines and get their in-boxes day after day.

In the beginning, I assumed there was something wrong with me. I took the advice as a form of personal rejection. I envisioned my résumé sliding through the other end of the fax machine and the human resources manager gliding it up between her keyboard and thumb like a dirty rag. She studies her head in amusement at my bookish/clothing store/half-mature-at-a-camp experience and laughs maniacally as she finds it through the paper shredder.

Lowering my expectations didn't help either. "Maybe you're overqualified," a concerned reader suggested, I mailed this one. Could being a graduate student work against me in winning jobs? Should I omit my first degree from my résumé? It seemed impossible to me that attaining a higher education meant that I couldn't work as a Junior for Life. And still, there had to be a reason. The explanation came in the form of a rejection. Several days after a really good interview, the prospective employer phoned to tell me that I didn't get the job. "It's



not that you didn't do a good interview," she said while I hit my lip and held back tears. "It's just that somebody else came in and she has specific training and work experience in this area."

Somebody else filled me with. Somebody else is the person who stands just a few people ahead of me in line at the copy centre. Somebody else is the person who looks like me, more just before, do, her perfect résumé teaching the screen of that future employer seconds before my eyes. Somebody else's father went to university with the boss and Somebody else's aunt happens to be CEO of the company. Somebody else, always has the specific training and experience for the job that I want. Somebody else, someone just wants to know. She has a certain style about her and a classy manner. Somebody else functions well in part of a team, but is also a strong, independent worker.

When I told my employed friends about Somebody else and how she's managed to snatch every job I've applied for, they were all well acquainted with my nemesis. "Oh, her," and one friend. "She's the reason I left Toronto for the summer!" A second friend wrote about her in an e-mail when you find Somebody else, kick her for me for me, she's taken a lot of my jobs, too.

I was convinced that somewhere down the road, I would finally get to meet Somebody else. I imagined standing in a room filled with prospective employers, all nervously awaiting their turn at the interview table and I'd notice one woman in particular who looked like brighter and fresher than the rest of us. My suspicions would be confirmed when the potential employer calls out her name: "Mia! Mia! Please say my name!" At that point, I'd know that I'm not destined to get the job.

Before this could happen, however, my telephone finally rang. "We would like to have you as one of our camp directors," and a prospective employer: "You have the kind of skills and experience that we're looking for." I accepted right away. And after hanging up the phone, I felt a sigh of satisfaction. I was hired. I was thrilled. I felt great. I felt, well, like Somebody else.

Emily Urguhart is running a day camp in Toronto for underprivileged kids.

PASSAGES

Bereft: After using up all of his funds to deal with ongoing lawsuits, the diocese of Cariboo of the Anglican Church of Canada will declare bankruptcy on Oct. 15. The diocese, located in the B.C. Interior, is being sued by natives who say that they were sexually assaulted in a residential school run by the church. The diocese of Cariboo is the first Anglican diocese in the Commonwealth to be forced into bankruptcy, and may have to sell its properties, including churches and convents, to settle debts.

Archbishop Michael Peers, the most senior member of the Anglican Church of Canada, suggested last week that the national body could also become insolvent by the end of the year—it's spending \$100,000 a month on legal fees to cope with nearly 1,200 other abuse cases.

Levick Former Detroit Red Wing, **Tony Levick** was known as Mighty Moose for his tenacity on the ice despite his small size. The five-foot, seven-inch, 160-lb winger was a great checker. Levick scored one of the most famous goals in NHL history during sudden-death overtime in Game 7 of the 1994 Stanley Cup finals, vaulting the Red Wings over their rivals, the Montreal Canadiens. Born in Humboldt, Sask., Levick played with Detroit, the Chicago Blackhawks and the New York Rangers during his 12-year career. He died of cancer, at age 78, in Vancouver.

Retired Lesley Thompson, of London, Ont., brought home four Olympic rowing medals without dipping a single oar in the water. For more than 20 years, Thompson was a coxswain with the Canadian women's Olympic team. The 41-year-old plans to coach rowing and will continue coaching high school.

Paroled: After serving only one-third of his sentence for diverting money from government expense allowances, former

Senator **Eric Barmess**, 60, was released from a Regina halfway house. Barmess was convicted of fraud committed between 1987 and 1991, when he was Saskatchewan's deputy premier. He was forced to resign his upper chamber seat in February after a legal appeal.

Arrested: Actor **Robert Herl** will now have some personal experience to bring to his character on *The Sopranos*. The 16-year-old Tex, who plays A.J., the son of mafia kingpin Tony Soprano, was arrested along with four other youths on the upper east side of Manhattan after allegedly robbing \$40 from two other teens. Tex, who has pled not guilty, was charged with two counts of second-degree robbery and one count of marijuana possession. The robbery charges could earn him up to 15 years in prison.

Deed: **Ely Callaway** is credited with turning neglected golfers into big hitters through his company's introduction of the Big Bertha—an oversized driver club helps both average players and pros hit the ball long, hard and relatively straight. He turned Callaway Golf Co. into the biggest club maker in the world with the driver he named after a First World War cannon. Callaway, 82, retired as president and chief executive officer earlier this year. He died at his home in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif., of pancreatic cancer.

Deed: **Chet Atkins**, guitarist and record producer, changed the sound of country music in the 1950s and '60s, increasing the popularity of Nashville musicians at the height of rock 'n' roll. In 1953, he released his first of more than 75 commercial albums, *Chet Atkins' Guitarpick*. *Guitarpick* for RCA, he produced records for artists like Hank Snow, **Waylon Jennings** and **Dolly Parton**. He also suggested RCA sign **Bertie Proby**—they took his advice. Atkins, 77, died at his Nashville home after a long battle with cancer.

Muriel: On the first anniversary of his stunning electoral victory, Mexican President **Vicente Fox**, 59, and 49-year-old **Martha Sahagún**, his spokeswoman. This is the second marriage for both.

Trying to get someone's attention?

Attach your message to one of Canada's most popular magazines and send it to your clients, employees or prospects.



Your brochure
Your branded label

Reach Reward Retain

Corporate
Communication
Program



Please contact Penny Van Daele
Program Manager
e-mail: pvan@corpcomm.rogers.com
Telephone: 416-596-1501

MoneySense **SMART** **REWARDS**



Barbara Amiel

Fearless—and fun

I can't say it fits well with me to join the queue of people writing about Mordecai Richler. Bandwagons were something Mordecai knew all about and most of them he viewed with contempt. He must be raising his eyebrows at some of the much bigger writers. He would have liked Robert Fulford's perspective summing up and, especially, I think, David Warren writing in the *Globe and Mail*: "Warren got the essence of Canada's artistic elites, 'famed' on sublimated Canadian nationalism, laudering the man who routinely modelled their scorn."

I shared most of Richler's views—still not his talent. Canada never gave him the credit he deserved. His career was the obverse of Robertson Davies, who was underrated at the beginning of his writing days and somewhat overrated at the end. Richler was first greeted with enthusiasm, but then, during the '70s and '80s until practically the last few years of his life, was consistently underrated because he was so politically incorrect. His detractors had a neat way of diminishing him: he became a "polemicist." Or, as the first news service reports of his death said, a "controversial writer" and a "controversial writer."

Mean little words. By "controversial," what they really meant was someone who insisted on describing life the way it is rather than the way they would like it to be. Richler was a superb novelist, one of the very best of modern times. He was a scientist rather than a polemicist. A polemicist often dies through his own sting, but a scientist like Mordecai survives by maintaining his neutrality.

My first encounter with Richler was in the early '70s when he wrote a weekly column for CBC TV on a Montreal Jewish man in a middle class. My then-husband George Jona, a Hungarian Holocaust survivor, was the producer and director. The consequent CBC philistine in charge of TV entertainment decided the show could not possibly be aired because it was "anti-Semitic." Welcome to the first, but certainly not the last, marginalization of political correctness at the CBC. A public outcry forced the decision to be rescinded. But the way mediating in the lowest material parts of those CBC bureaucrats has by now infected just about every aspect of Canadian culture—helped along by many of the Good and Greats of the Canadian Cultural Establishment writing the *Kleiner* tributes to Mordecai today.

What Richler said in his novels was accurate, sometimes funny and always honest. Others might also see that the emperor had no clothes, but only the little boy was afraid to say so. Mordecai was that little boy with a tremendous gift for piggling words. He took on the tight little world of Canadian nationalism, the search-my-back word of Canadian

literary politics and the deadly world of political correctness. Richler's novels, from *The Apprenticeship of Daddy Klein* to the brilliant *Bernyl Weiss*, expose the rotten roots of our modern faith. Richler anticipated our misadventure for hidden nihilism by 25 years in *Daddy Klein*. It is in that novel that Richler began to show that he could also achieve the summit of a novelist's craft and create actual archetypes—not just good characters but the original prototypes.

Daddy Klein is packed with these archetypes, including the doubting English filmmaker Peter John Fiss, the trendy Rabbi Goldstone and Virgil Vigli, the kind, naive epigramist. Daddy's main pal, the archetypal "victim" of the various psycho-medical-emotional human rights movements so popular now, Virgil formulates a nice euphemism for his condition—he is not an epileptic but a "Health Handicapped." He wants to be proud of his illness and creates a newsletter for epileptics that contains such funniness as "Finnish Health Handicapped Through History No. 2: A Biography of Julius Caesar." A sample of Virgil's prose: "Life was no breeze for the young Julius, but from the day of his birth until the day he died his untimely end he never once let his health handicap stand in his way. Julius had been born an epileptic and was not ashamed of it. He had guts to play."

Finally I defy any North American reform Jew to read the description of Rabbi Goldstone in this novel without

embarrassed recognition. "There was a choir and an organ and parking lot next door," writes Richler. "All these things were forbidden by orthodox Jewish law, but those who stridently the Temple were so-called reform Jews... The Temple prayer services were conducted in English by Rabbi Harvey Goldstone, M.A., and Cantor 'Sonny' Brown. Aside from his weekly sermon, the marriage chupah, the Sunday school, and so on, the Rabbi, a most energetic man, was very active in the community at large. He was a fervent supporter of Jewish and Gentile brotherhood, and a man who unfailingly offered his arms to radio stations as a spokesman for the Jewish point of view on subjects that ranged from 'Don't lend Mea Dinefend Layla' to 'The Jewish Attitude to Household Pets.'"

Every religion has in Rabbi Goldstone. And these various archetypes, one after another, poured out of Richler's imagination: the senator in *Julius Thon and His Wife*, the uncle in *St. Ursula's Harem*, Mike Pandey, the filthy-rich son who can leave no trail in *Bernyl Weiss*. Mordecai Richler is gone, damn it, but his books and those glorious archetypes *thumme*: the special gift: exceptional writers may achieve immortality. To read Richler is a *matzah*—a blessed food, a good work and a profound obligation filled with joy

We sacrifice nothing to bring you high-end 35mm photos. Except the camera.

For the longest time if you wanted to take pictures wherever you went you had to bring a camera wherever you went (Japanese tourists have known this for centuries).

The human memory being what it is, that meant many a person (by intention and ignorance) forgot to bring their camera. It was a real pain.

But those days disappeared forever with the arrival of the one-time-use camera. The loaded with film and available just about everywhere, it changed the lives of forgetful photographers forever.

You picked one up. You took your photos. You turned it in for developing. Really, what could be better?

Well, that's the question we kept asking ourselves. What could be better?

Introducing the Kodak Max HQ—the best one-time-use camera ever.

That's why we developed the Kodak Max HQ: the first one-time-use camera designed to take pictures as good as a regular point-and-shoot 35mm camera.

It struck us that if we created a camera with a better lens, better film and a better flash, well, the quality of the pictures would get better too. We know. Genius.

So we started with a sharp, two element Element lens.

Impress your friends by telling them it's the same lens of lens found in many 35mm cameras. In fact it's the best lens ever used in a one-time-use camera, providing images that are consistently clear and crisp.

We then loaded the Max HQ with Kodak Max, the best all-purpose film we make. It's wonderfully versatile film offering bright, colourful pictures across a wide range of conditions from sunlight, low light, action and still.

Then we turned our attention to the flash, not usually a strong point in these kinds of cameras. Our simple to use



These two cameras share a single flash system, but only one needs a battery.

autoflash recharge lets you shoot again and again without having to press a recharge button. Heaven.

The best lens, best film and best flash all add up to better pictures.

The result of all our tinkering? The only one-time-use camera that actually takes pictures as good as your regular 35mm point-and-shoot camera.

We think that you're going to love this camera so much you're going to hate turning it in for developing. But just remember: the memories are yours to keep forever.



Share Moments. Share Life.™

'She decided to withdraw from life'

While they were courting, Helmut Kohl exchanged love letters with his future wife. Last week, the former German chancellor opened a final letter from Klavner, 68, telling her she could no longer go on and was taking her own life. Since 1973, she had suffered from a rare condition that made her allergic to light; her body was fused to the Kobl's home in a suburb of Ludwigshafen, the former chancellor's political fiefdom in southwestern Germany. "Due to the hopelessness of the state of her health, she decided freely to withdraw from life," said a statement issued by Kohl's office. "She announced this decision to her husband, her sons and friends in farewell letters."

Narrator: Kohl, slim, blond and elegant, was a fixture at the side of her beau.

By his husband throughout his 16 years as chancellor, which included the fall of the Berlin Wall and the reunification of the country. During the party-busting scandal that beset his reelection, she continued to stand by him, until her own allergy to light, a sensitive to phenols, with her a virtual prisoner in her home. In increasing pain, she was even unable to attend the wedding in Istanbul in May of the younger of her two sons, Peter, in a recent interview, Klavner spoke openly about her severe allergy. "How much I would like to be in my apartment in Berlin again!" she said, "which I finished with much love." Asked whether she was the sort of person who would fight her condition to the end, she replied: "Giving up is the last thing that one should allow oneself."



Reverend Kohl suffered from a rare condition

TEENS IN CAGES

In what police say is one of the worst cases of child abuse in recent memory, two teenagers were imprisoned in cribs covered with wire mesh for years. A 19-year-old man and his 40-year-old wife have been arrested in Blackwood, a village northeast of Toronto, and charged with two counts each of assault, assault with a weapon, forcible confinement and failure to provide the necessities of life. The mother is also charged with administering a noxious substance. Police say the teens were kept in the cages for hours at a time. The teenagers were taken into the custody of the Children's Aid Society following a complaint.

A call for safety

A new wage-boosting drive is being waged on Georgian Bay that claims the loss of two Grade 7 students last resulted in 61 recommendations—44 of them aimed directly at federal safety regulations. The True North II, with 13 students on board, sank after being hit by high waves on June 16, 2000.

The boat had been declared safe by Transport Canada officials, but the jury found, among other things, that the inspectors had failed to do their job and called for the creation of a new training and certification program.

Bits and pieces

More than three months after it made an emergency landing on Chiriqui Island, a \$116-

million American spy plane finally returned to the United States, albeit in pieces. A shattered Russian Antonov-124 transported the disassembled EP-3E from China to Dobbins Air Reserve Base in Marietta, Ga. The plane, loaded with sophisticated equipment, collided with a Chinese fighter jet while porpoising over the South China Sea on April 1. China's 11-day detention of the crew

sparked a major dispute between the two countries.

Rising tensions

Protestant leader David Trimble assigned as Northern Ireland's first governor over the turbulent Irish Republican Army's refusal to give up its weapons. Under the terms of the Good Friday Accord, which in 1998 brought a fragile peace in North Ireland, the

resignation, which they believe was ready to hand in, faced with a potentially painful health-care system, Menzies agreed to take the dispute to binding arbitration, which will expel Bill Reid's provisions. The put-to-be-named arbitrator gets to choose either the voters or the government's proposal. Their different from standard arbitration where there's some latitude to mix and match proposals—and just like the old-line arbitration used in major-league baseball. Appropriate, perhaps, since both sides were playing hunched all along.



Menzies finally blinked

contracts. The workers got paid—and, to get even, threatened to walk off the job en masse. Some 1,650 workers, in fact, signed letters of

IRA was to turn in its weapons by June 2001. Trimble's resignation came amid rising tensions. Shortly after a Roman Catholic teen was shot dead by Protestant extremists at the traditional marching season to commemorate the Protestant victory over Catholics 300 years ago got under way.

A tyrant in The Hague

A defiant Slobodan Milosevic appeared before the UN International War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague. The former Yugoslav leader has been charged with crimes against humanity relating to a massacre committed in Kosovo. But when pressed to enter a plea, he refused to acknowledge the overkillings. "The trial aims to produce false judgments for the war crimes of NATO," Milosevic said, referring to the alliance's 1999 bombing of Kosovo and Serbia. Two Canadian lawyers, Christopher Black and Andre Tremblay, were also in The Hague in his



A dictator has a day in court

to represent Milosevic, who so far has refused legal counsel. The lawyers were among a group of Canadian justices who warned war crimes charges brought against NATO over its bombing. Another Canadian, Dick Ryerson, is lead counsel for the prosecution.

Rape on Okinawa

American authorities handed over a U.S. serviceman accused of rape to police on the



THE WAY IT WAS

Archaeologists in France revealed the discovery of prehistoric engravings that may be up to 30,000 years old. The images were uncovered last September in a cave in the Dordogne Valley but the magnitude of the find was not made public until last week. Some 500 engravings have been identified so far, including animals, women and rock imagery, but archeologists said the new model would reveal many more. The Dordogne region is also the home of famous wall paintings in the nearby Lascaux cave complex that are estimated to be 20,000 years old.

Japanese island of Okinawa, ending a tense diplomatic standoff that threatened to damage U.S.-Japanese relations. Swift Spc. Timothy Woodland, 24, is alleged to have raped a local woman on June 29; he has reportedly claimed the two had consensual sex. The U.S. government's refusal to turn Woodland over until it received assurances that his rights would be protected generated anger on the island, and renewed criticism of the special legal status enjoyed by 26,000 U.S. troops stationed there.

The beat goes on

Debris in Kentucky installed the first fully self-contained artificial heart. The graftable pump, known as the AbioCor, is battery operated and has no external wires. The patient, a male diabetic in his 50s, was chosen for the groundbreaking operation because he had an 80-per-cent chance of dying

within the next 30 days and was ineligible for a natural heart transplant. Doctors say the goal of the experiment is to double his survival to 60 days.

Canadian bomb plot

Algerian immigrants in Montreal allegedly conspired blowing up a Canadian Jewish neighbourhood during the summer of 1999. Convicted terrorist Ahmed Ressam revealed the plot while awaiting at the trial of Mokhtar Houssain, another former Montreal resident accused of being his accomplice in the millennium bomb plot against U.S. targets at the end of 1999. The

million-man bombing was thwarted when Ressam was arrested while trying to cross into Washington state from Canada with bomb-making materials. He was convicted on terrorism and explosives charges in Los Angeles in April.

Separate newsrooms

Quebecor Inc. will be allowed to take over Quebec's biggest private TV network, but the Montreal-based company, owner of the Sun Media Corp. newspaper chain, must keep its print and broadcast news operations separate. So will the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, in letting Quebecor keep Groupe TVA Inc. as part of its purchase of cable company Groupe Vidéotron Ltée. The ruling was watched closely by CanWest Global Communications Corp. and BCE Inc., which have argued that the CRTC, in a pending decision, should let them combine elements of their TV and print newsgathering operations.



The heart of the matter



Richler Remembered

BY ANTHONY WILSON SMITH

By this, saying many nice things about Montreal Richler, he knew how to have things both ways. Imagine how he might have parodied, in one of his books, a wealthy, well-connected, sensitive with confidence in the best part of Montreal's old Square Mile, a writer getaway around L'Assommoir, Sandy Square and a summer refuge in that great verdant Anglo-Quebec enclave, the Eastern Townships. Such a sophisticated might have been a self-centred, utterly humourless WASP who made his living paying on

others, or perhaps a successful self-mocking Jew, a parent, annoyed and uneasy at the success that had arrived at his door. Instead, Richler lived just such a materially blessed life—and did so without any such apparent shortcomings or tensions. By the time he died last week at age 79 of complications from cancer, he had achieved success on the two fronts that, by any measure, matter most: he was an internationally acclaimed literary figure with 10 novels, three children's books and a vast collection of essays, journalistic reports and polemics behind him—and he

had a happy home life with his wife of four decades, Florence, and his three sons and two daughters. By his final years, Richler had become one of those larger-than-life figures whom many Canadians felt they knew—even if they had never seen him in the flesh or read one of his books. That was partly because his unassuming bluntness brought him so often into the headlines, whether excoriating Quebec nationalists, mocking the quality of Ontario wine, rebuking Education or—unlike most members of Canada's literary community—publicly favouring free trade in the 1980s. Then, there was his determinedly dishevelled appearance: the grizzled back hair that somehow wandered aimlessly off in all directions, the rumpled suit that looked like they were used between wearing up squashing them in a laundry hamper, the ever-present cigarettes and his unabashed fondness for rusk whisky (Maclean or Canju with a side of Terrier).

Of course, if you were a Montrealer, it was may to find Richler through much of the 1980s and '90s show up around lunchtime or happy hour at Grumpy's Bar on Bishop Street, or Zappy's or Wines on Crescent Street, and he'd be among the same floating circle of regulars. They included the late and legendary boulevardier Nick Auf der Maat, a couple of senators and MPs, several city councillors, sometimes in off-duty undercover cop or two, some businesspeople, local and visiting journalists seeking gossip, and any stranger interested and interesting enough to be admitted into the conversation.

Unlike many well-known people, Richler often seemed more content to listen than talk in such situations. Because of his reputation for being caustic, people brought him, for the first time often took his silence for ignorance. In fact, he was surprisingly shy. He didn't like talking about his books while they were still in progress, and he was much more comfortable talking about other writers' work—or gossiping about those writers, since he felt he was in discrete company. Perhaps his fondness for listening was born of professional considerations, because his own wish for discretion was strictly a one-way street. Most of his books, in particular his last one, the classic *Bernie's House*, are filled with comic-strip characters, thinly veiled portraits of friends, and anecdotes all torn straight from the sheets of those happy-hour exchanges. *Auf der Maat*, Richler's first familiar better-known gem from under his trademark Bonshavo hat, used to delight in recounting his latest escapade—and then would look accurately (and humorously) at Richler while declaring "you're gonna and this one for another book, um, ya, Montreal."

In fact, Richler often said admiringly of his friend *Auf der Maat*—who died of cancer in 1996—that "the great thing about Nick is that he has no malice." That wasn't a claim Richler made about himself, because he believed the ability to tick people off

is essential to humour writing. "Truly good humour, charged with outlandish books and unexpected sharp jobs, is bound to offend, for, in the nature of things, it ridicules our prejudices and popular institutions," Richler wrote in his introduction to the 1983 anthology *The Best of Modern Humour*, which he edited.

Despite claims from various groups—particularly Quebec nationalists and the Montreal Jewish community—that they were singled out for especially savage treatment, there's strong case to be made that Richler was an equal-opportunity offender. After publication of his 1992 book *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country*—based on an essay he had written for *The New Yorker* mocking Quebec's language laws—Richler was prepared for the abuse, but shockingly annoyed and astonished by suggestions that he was anti-Francophone. He often said Quebec was the only place in Canada where he would ever live—adding that he might say even if it became sovereign. He frequently said of Quebecers that, in general, he found them more sophisticated and cultured than other Canadians.

Richler grew up in an era when Montreal's McGill University had quotas on the number of Jews it admitted, and when Francophones and Jews alternately fought each other in the inner-city mass riots around Clark Street and St. Urbain, or sometimes made common cause against the Anglo elite that kept them stuck there. At different times in his writing, he mocked Montreal's WASPs for covert anti-Semitism, Torontoans for their preoccupation with themselves, Britons for their appalling cuisine and deceptive politeness, Canadians for our obsession with seeking approval from Americans, and virtually every politician (other than Pierre Trudeau, whom he became friends with) and anyone else who ever took themselves too seriously.

The often-necessary reaction to Richler's political views was matched by the passion his writing evoked: he left readers amused, annoyed and aroused, but never indifferent. It's surprising to read some critics who fault him for writing about a Montreal days gone by and a Quebec that doesn't exist anymore, because great novels do precisely that—freeze an era in time so that it lives on for future generations. He once wrote of himself that he was "former named in Montreal's St. Urbain Street. That was my time, my place, and I there decided myself to get it right." He also wrote that "fundamentally, all writing is about the sense that, it's about dying, about the brief flicker of time we have here, and the frustration that it causes." He wanted, he said another time, to write at least one book good enough that it, and his reputation, would live on long past him. His game now, but he was able to lose in knowing that, if anything, he exceeded his own expectations. ■

All writing is about dying, about the brief flicker of time we have here, and the frustration that it creates"

BY BENOIT AUBIN

Two different Montreal Richlers passed away last week. CBC TV's *The National* opened its program on Tuesday with the death of a national icon and started with the story for several minutes for Radio-Canada, the death of an important author came third in the lineup, after Sholem Aleichem and Strindberg's *Dogs*. The *Montreal Gazette* gave the news half of its front page, with a huge picture: *Le Devoir* mentioned the story on page 1, with just a few lines of text. The Prime Minister of Canada paid tribute to Richler the premier of Quebec passed the buck to his cultural minister.

English-Canadians had lost a hero; French-Canadians had lost a villain.

Richler's acerbic pen had gained him dedication, and respect, across the world over the years, but, to this day, many Quebec francophones remain convinced Richler crossed them viciously and unfairly.

Richler's relentless—and often hilarious—attacks on the province and the narrow-mindedness of the province's headline attraction had

Mordecai Was Here

two strikes against them. First, they were made in English and in influential international media such as *The New Yorker* or *CBS's 60 Minutes*. Second, Richler leveled his most ferocious attacks, depicting Quebec as a claustrophobic, xenophobic society, at the precise moment when the mainstream was moving in the exact opposite direction.

Mordecai Richler had become a dinosaur of sorts, a Quebec Anglo who still spoke to no French, the sworn enemy of dead old Quebec nationalists, the close friend of retired prime ministers, an arch-nemesis in *Parade*, a French-speaking, modern-day Quebec.

I think he knew it. He indicated that much the last time we ate lunch together after he had won



The author, shown here in 1970, gained national and international fame for his novels and short stories.

the first round of his fight against cancer. But Richler was of the old school, the one that would never let the facts stand in the way of a good story. Besides, the *National Post*, the *Montreal Gazette* and several other important publications still paid him handsome fees to interview Jacques Parizeau, the Tanguay Troopers, Canon Lionel Groulx and *Le Devoir* for old men's tales. As a once-renowned writer, Richler had learned the value of writing words for cash.

We became friends, and he invited me to lunch in the "boudoirs" to smoke and drink away beyond legal limit in Thérèse's office. I had done my best to surprise him in public and to give him a taste of his own medicine as a writer in his honor one night a few years ago at the Ritz Carlton. The grand old hotel of Sherbrooke Street was, still is, a monument to luxury, WASPish heritage—and the place where all the devotedly cynical and ambitious characters of Richler's novels dream of spending big bucks on champagne and sex to show they were able to keep up with the Joneses.

I was the news director of *Le Devoir* at the time, the small but influential paper that Richler had championed in several magazine pieces and in his 1992 *Excerpt: an article* pamphlet. *Oh Canada! Oh Quebec! Requiem for a Divided Country*. The newspaper was then just back from the grave, and in the midst of a promising re-

launch. Publisher Luc Bouchard failed to see the relevance, or the humor, in the relentless insistence with which Richler kept repeating some of the paper's onerous flirtations with proto-Fascist, anti-Semitic doctrines in the 1940s and early '50s. And many influential Montrealers thought it was not proper for an executive at *Le Devoir* to show up at the Richler roast, and much less to be one of the guest speakers.

So I played a Richler number on him, as best as I could, confusing past and present, fact and interpretation, using sarcasm and hyperbole and intending to suggest that Richler knew better than to believe his own words and take them seriously. He loved it, kept throwing big words and small cynicism my way, and nudging me behind the seat speaker's back with a whole of 15-year-old Muscadet he kept hidden under the head table.

I was able to parody Richler because I had studied him. I, too, happen to have been born into a famous Quebec pavil in the poorest, blue collar Lower Town neighborhood of Quebec City immortalized in Roger Lemelin's 1948 novel *The Town Below*. It took me 30 years to discover Richler, to find out he was Quebecer and that the universe he described in his novels was—except for religion and language—very much similar to the one in Lemelin's books, and in my own childhood memories.

Whether you were a *Plouffe* on St-Vulain Street in Quebec or a *Kroon* on St. Urban in Montreal, you

wanted to kick and scratch your way out of your coldwater flat, your dead-end job, your oppressive micro-society. Jewish ancestors and French-Canadian ancestors could have bled apple anarchy together, *ribbit* and *crab* really knew how to make a purple language by fire, devotion, grit and gilly.

The characters in both Lemelin's and Richler's books were equally transcendent, bourgeois and angry for being born on the wrong side of a geographical obstacle acting as a cultural divide: the cliff that separated the poor from the rich living in Quebec's upper town, the mountain that made the difference between the tight and the wrong side of cows in Montreal. Back then, the *Kroons* were no more welcome to teach at McGill University or to trade on the floor of the Montreal Stock Exchange than the *Plouffes* were let in to lunch at the *Corraux Club* or write at the *Château Frontenac*. Ironically, both novels won international fame, and substantial financial rewards, for their work describing life in their respective underprivileged and discriminated-plagued ghettos in postwar Quebec.

But the parallels stop there—because of the language issue. Back when Richler was a kid, his *Mille-End* enclave—a now-gentrified neighborhood—

AN IMPORTANT AUTHOR, YES, BUT RICHLER WAS NO NATIONAL ICON IN FRENCH QUEBEC

was a ghetto where one could thrive and succeed speaking only Yiddish, just as the inhabitants of St-Roch and St-Sauveur in Quebec City could live, love, work and the without having to learn a word of English.

Seventy years later, Yiddish has all but vanished here, and French is the lingua franca in the province. Language was not a central element of Jewish identity. It is for Quebec francophones. For most French-speaking Quebecers, Mordecai Richler was not perceived so much as being a Jew as being an Anglo. The outrage his attacks on Quebec nationalism triggered in the mid-'90s was not racially motivated, as many liked to believe. Many francophones simply saw Richler's tirades as a safeguard against a nostalgic Quebec Anglophone out to wreck havoc on world opinion on the new society they were trying to build.

Anglophone poet Joanne Van Bogaert once offered this rousing on death and the passage of time: "One day Jesus Christ died. A number of years later, another man passed away, the last person to have seen Jesus alive. Which one do we remember?" In recent months, Quebecers have assumed a great number of extraordinary citizens (Jean Drapeau, Maurice Richard, Pierre Trudeau) and, now, Mordecai Richler. These emotional fireworks have forced us to take stock of all the difference that exists between Montreal, then and now. ■

How I became an unknown with my first novel

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

This story, written by Mordecai Richler in 1958, has first of all appeared in Maclean's, reflected on his less-than-glamorous life at the time, even as he was being described as one of the country's "young young writers."

When I returned to Canada in 1951 after two years of wandering in Europe, my father took me out for a drive.

"I hear you wrote a novel in Europe," he said.
"No."
"What's it called?"
"The Acrobats," I told him.

For the next five minutes, we drove in silence. Then, he said, "What in the hell do you know about the circus?"

I explained the title was symbolic. And, after another 10 minutes of uneasy silence, my father said, "Is this about Jews or ordinary people?"

I told him that it was about both.
"Well," he said, "you're no longer a kid. I guess you ought to start thinking about getting a job."

When I had quit Sir George Williams College and left Montreal two years earlier, I had only intended to stay abroad for a few months. I had, since the age of 15, always wanted to be a writer. At first what I wanted to be was a fighting newspaperman, like Edward G. Robinson in *Sky Row*. Then, after a year of college, I learned to look down on most occupations, and I decided one to become an alcoholic poet; two, to be young and tragically Thackerayan; three, to be a writer. By the time I landed for Europe, I wanted only to write novels. Mostly because I felt deeply alone—there's no other term for it—much like, but also, I'm afraid, because I believed the suspicion that it would bring fame and riches.

My father had sent me my first fare home. He was absolutely right about the job. I was 22 now and \$10 was all the money I had earned in the last two years. I got that from *Flare*, a literary magazine in Paris, for my first published short story. A month after I got home, I was still broke and unemployed. I was not exactly struggling myself in my efforts to find work.

Meanwhile, my agent in London was sending *The Acrobats* out on the rounds of publishers. Two weeks later, I had my first American rejection. My family began to apply pressure.

"When I was your age," my Uncle Sydney said, "I was married with two kids."
"Mickey Spillane," my Uncle Albert said. "There's a writer for you."

Ten days later, another American publisher had turned down my novel. So I began to search the wretched columns in earnest, but I soon discovered that my prospects were pretty bleak. I was too old to be an office boy and I didn't know how to drive a car. I had no industrial skills. Any

IF ALL 400 COPIES IN CANADA SOLD OUT, I STOOD TO EARN APPROXIMATELY \$32

personal manager seemed to be able to tell with one shrewd glance that I wasn't "bright, ambitious and eager to learn." But once I nearly landed a job editing a trade journal (which I came down to the final interview, however, the boss said, "You don't look like you're only interested in girls").

Then, Andre Deutsch, Ltd., the British publisher, made an offer for my novel. A conditional one, however. They would publish *The Acrobats* if I agreed to do more work on it. It was offered on advance of 100 pounds (approximately \$275)—50 pounds on signature of contract and another 50 once my revision had been found acceptable. I sent an immediate cable of acceptance.

"I don't get you," my Uncle Jake said. "You put two years into writing a book and now you're happy because some jerk in London has offered you a lousy opportunity for it. You could have earned more than that eating my liver."

"Maybe Hollywood will make a musical out of it," Uncle Jake said. "That's where the money is."

I got a job in law, working as a news editor for the CBC in Montreal. As I didn't go on duty until 6 p.m., I was free to work on revisions to my novel all day. After accepting them, Andre Deutsch wrote me that *The Acrobats* would be published in April, 1954. Since I was a Canadian myself, and he was contracting on a large Canadian sale for the book, he asked me to visit the Canadian distributor of the book.

I arrived in Toronto early one June morning in 1953 in the midst of an awful heat wave. What I had anticipated was the Jewish reception, the literary cocktail party, but what I got, instead, was an interview with the distributor. Before him on his desk lay a manuscript copy of my novel. A good start, I thought, setting back its already proven with a scorching article.

"Well, Mr. Richler," were the man's first words, "have you written a thick book?"

"Yes, your pardon?"
"This is Canada. Thick books sell better than thin books here."

"Oh, Oh, I see. Have you read the book?"
"No, I'm not a Cana-

dian."
"I understand that it's set in Spain, and that the central character is a young Canadian painter who doesn't like living in Canada."

"Maybe you ought to read the book," I said.

"If there are any bad words in it we're going to have trouble with the libraries."

"Could you read it?" I said. "It's not such a long book."

I was taken downtown to the warehouse and shown some of the books distributed from there. The thick ones were handed down with pride for me to feel the thin ones were passed over with a sigh. Afterward, at lunch, I was introduced in some of the harder facts of Canadian book publishing.

There are only between 40 and 50 English-language

bookshops in Canada and this, a generous figure, includes department-store book sections and so forth. Most of the publishers here are actually distributors for British and American publishers. Imported books from the U.S. account for approximately 70 per cent of all sales. There are only five or six true publishers of Canadian books—first is, companies that can bring out books on their own, irrespective of pre-publication deals with England or the U.S. A sale of 1,000 copies of a serious novel by a Canadian writer is considered good going.

No serious Canadian authors—including Morley Callaghan or Hugh MacLennan—are able to support himself solely on the sale of his novels in Canada.

The distributor was prepared to risk a fine order of 400 copies for all of Canada.

I stood to earn approximately \$32, if they sold one. Something dampened in spirit, I asked for England to begin work on my new novel. Then, on its eighth year out, *The Acrobats* found an American publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, was willing to take a chance on me. They paid me a steady monthly advance of \$750. Meanwhile, in London, there was trouble. A monthly campaign of letters was going on, and several double-barreled books had been withdrawn by publisher. The company that printed books for Andre Deutsch took one look at *The Acrobats* and got themselves a lawyer. (In England, printers as well as publishers are liable in the event of any legal action.) The printer's lawyer wrote, in effect, that my novel was blasphemous, obscene and soiled, and he could not advise his client to print it in its present form. So Andre Deutsch got a lawyer too. He read the book and said—well, it's out of print. Several words and offensive phrases could be deleted without harming the content, and

so it was up to me. I agreed to make the necessary deletions.

I was, at the time, not idle. I worked deeper into my second novel while waiting for the first one to appear. The sales manager of Andre Deutsch, Ltd., told me that the advance sale was good. One book buyer, looking at the title, hastily ordered 25 copies. "These circus books always go like crazy," he said. Nobody comforted him.

Thus, without a doubt, was the peak period for me in the history of my first novel. It's true there were minor irritations. Others, perhaps. Wallace Reynolds wrote from London in the *Toronto Telegram*, "A young Canadian here, Mordecai Richler, has a first novel coming out soon that ought to take both sides of the Atlantic by storm. I never heard of her before..." In the end, the book sold something more than 900 copies. I had no need of my original advance against royalties, and my family began to apply pressure again.

Admirer, my Uncle Jake wrote, that's where the money is.

I borrowed a copy of your book the other day, my old friend Hedy wrote, and I thank it's terrible.

Maybe you shouldn't wear under your own name, my Uncle Sydney wrote. After all, the family... that he made the night watchman buy a copy. But he didn't care for it himself. I wouldn't recommend it for children, he wrote.

My last royalty statement from New York cost me a good deal of sleep. It covered the last six months in 1954, and in that period two copies of *The Acrobats* had been sold. One domestic and the other Ontario. For rights, I was kept awake thinking who in the hell do I know in the Owens? Would it be possible to trace the buyer? Shouldn't we correspond? Or did he, perhaps, buy the book in error?

When I returned to Montreal again this summer—this time after an absence of four years—I found that *The Acrobats* was being well displayed at last. There's a large pile of remaindered copies in Classics Library Books on St. Catherine Street and they're going (slowly, mind you) for 99 cents each.



The Stuff of Legend

Fellow Montrealer
Terry Mosher had
plenty of raw
material



"EVERY WOMAN WANTS A TRIP TO THE SPA.
BUT SOME OF US PREFER THE 'TRIP' PART TO THE 'SPA' PART."

"THIS IS MY CAR."



THE 2001 SEBRING SEDAN

2.7L, 200-horsepower engine. Overhead-drive automatic transmission. The highest NHTSA frontal crash safety rating available. And \$59100 (300km government coverage and roadside assistance). To see how the new Sebring Sedan changed the mid-size car category, visit www.chrysler.ca or call 1-800-365-3390.

CHRYSLER

Mammoth Discoveries

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

near the Alberta-Montana border

Brian Kooyman smiles and shakes his head in amazement. The University of Calgary archaeologist has just pointed out two sets of woolly mammoth tracks perfectly preserved in the sands of St. Mary River, here in a remote corner of southwestern Alberta. One set of manhole-sized footprints indicates an adult mammoth, with a smaller set beside it suggesting an offspring in tow. The tracks are heading southwest towards Montana snow-capped Rockies, which loom in the distance just as they would have when these footprints were first made, 13,000 calendar years ago. "It's incredible, just to" says the affable Kooyman, who exudes a child's enthusiasm wrapped in

FOOTPRINTS LEFT 13,000 YEARS AGO ARE LEADING THE WAY TO A NEW VIEW OF ANCIENT HISTORY

a middle-aged man's hairy fringe. "It's like I can see these animals lumbering along."

Kooyman is part of one of the most intriguing archaeological digs now under way in North America. The mammoth tracks—along with similar footprints left by ancient caribou, horses, bison and caribou—are providing scientists with some of the best visual information yet on how such animals interacted on the western plains at the twilight of the last ice age. Skeletal remains of pony-sized horses and hunting artifacts recovered at the site are also revealing new clues as to the role man may have played in the extinction of the venerable species. Finally, the cumulative evidence being gathered from this wilderness oasis promises to add to the growing consensus among scientists that early humans entered the New World by a different route—and perhaps much earlier—than previously thought.

But beyond all that, perhaps the most fasci-

inating aspect of the Alberta dig is the unusual set of circumstances that led to these animals' massive footprints being made, preserved and ultimately exposed. Though bones now, the area Kooyman and his colleagues—various geologists, Lee Hills and University of Calgary graduate students Paul McNell and Shayne Tolman—are exploring, would have housed rich grasslands when the animals roamed here. Most of the surviving tracks were made near a broad floodplain of what is now the St. Mary River, where the soil was more exposed and wet. The animals' feet compressed the ground they stepped on, making the tracks more permanent in nature. Still, in the natural course of events, the tracks would have disappeared in a matter of days as the area dried up. Instead, the region's high winds—which have been clocked at up to 170 km/h—blew sand and silt off the floodplain, which quickly accumulated over the footprints at levels of up to 50 cm, protecting the tracks from any further erosion.

Fast-forward 13 millennia. During that time, the soil covering the tracks gradually built up by about two metres, capped by a layer of vegetation. Then, in 1950, the Alberta government dammed the river near this spot, creating a reservoir to provide irrigation for local farmers. Filling the reservoir killed the vegetation, removing the protective tax that helped preserve the footprints. Periodically, as the reservoir was drained, for irrigation purposes, the surface area became vulnerable again to the high winds, which, over time, stripped away layer after layer of sediment. In the mid-1990s, the erosion accelerated as the province drained the reservoir to construct a new spitway. Eventually, enough of the sediment was removed to make the tracks visible to the human eye.

Enter Shayne Tolman. An elementary schoolteacher from nearby Cardston, Alta., and a longtime privacy buff, Tolman was taking his young sons for a walk along the



Kooyman and McNell examine footprints of a mammoth followed by its calf.

discovered on meadows in the May 1996 weekend of 1996 when he came upon what appeared to be an ancient avian assemblage. On subsequent visits, he found other points, in each of which looked like a chunk of an animal skull (or named one to be an ancient bison). Through a friend, Tolman made contact with Hills and Kooyman and, together, they later discovered the animal tracks.

Hills contacted McNeil, a student of his who was then working on a PhD thesis in paleontology. "He told me he thought he had ancient tracks," recalled McNeil one recent afternoon at the reservoir, as he carefully dug around a set of bone and bison tracks he planned to take back to Calgary in a plastic jacket for further study. "I was very skeptical. He said, 'I took some pictures but they didn't turn out,' which is, of course, the oldest story in the book. So I came down to look and I saw these massive footprints. It took me about two seconds to say, 'Wow, you've got meeseek tracks.' I didn't remain a skeptic for very long."

Once the scientists trained their eyes to see the footprints, they found thousands of them, including those made by other animals, such as caribou and small horses, all of which had gone extinct in North America by 11,000 years ago. While several archaeological sites have yielded physical remains of these animals, here were the first visual clues to how they might have moved and interacted.

Many of the individual animal meeseek tracks, for example, are set up in three metres apart, indicative of the animals' majestic stride. At other spots, overlapping tracks of meeseeks, caribou, horses and bison suggest they occurred at the same place and time. "It's exciting to imagine what it must have looked like here," says McNeil. "I think it might have been something like you would see on an African Savanna plain today."

Scientists have long believed that one of the major factors in why certain animals disappeared from North America was climate change that occurred at the end of the last ice age. As the glaciers melted, much of the world's adapted vegetation and animals fed upon became scarce. New plants appeared, but the di-

gestive systems of many animals failed to adapt and they grew progressively weaker.

But scientists have also long speculated about what role hunting played in the animals' demise (Spanish conquistadors re-introduced horses to the Americas in the 16th century). In the case of the horses, the digs at the St. Mary Reservoir are providing some of the first solid evidence that hunting was at least a contributing factor. Tenth-century mounted a horse skeleton with several of its vertebrae crushed and what appeared to be another track on a number of its bones. Not far away, they found some 13,000-year-old Clovis spearheads, four-

trials were under," he says. "But didn't see any small group of humans could have been primarily responsible for extinction."

The St. Mary digs also promise to contribute to the ongoing debate over exactly when—and how—early humans came to the New World. Until recently, the conventional wisdom said that, about 16,000 years ago, big game hunters from Siberia followed meeseek and caribou on a land bridge across what is now the Bering Sea to Alaska, then continued southward along a corridor opening between the glaciers. But there is some growing consensus that humans travelled by foot or boat down the west coast of the Americas about 15,000 years ago and worked their way inland. Kooyman says the early evidence from the reservoir site is suggestive of humans moving northward to hunt animals they were familiar with from south of the ice sheets—a migration pattern that would seem to support the west-coast route theory of how humans first arrived.

There will be plenty of time to sort out such puzzles. The St. Mary digs, which began in 1998, promise to go on for many years yet. Because of the seasonal filling of the reservoir, excavation work is confined mostly to the winter and spring months. It is also hampered by winds that whip up sandstorms so severe some members standing a metre apart cannot see each other. But already the project has had a profound effect on those involved. Hills took early retirement from the University of Calgary in 1996, according to catalogue work from some 15 reservoirs he spent as digs in the Canadian Arctic. That has now taken a backseat to the reservoir discoveries. McNeil has switched his PhD thesis from dinosaur locomotion to ancient meeseeks and horses. Tolman took a sabbatical from his teaching job to indulge his first love—fossil hunting—and is pursuing a master's of science degree.

And Kooyman? The bearded, quick-witted geologist is simply happy to be following in the footsteps of the ancient right in his own backyard. "Opportunities like this don't come around very often," he enthuses. "I feel I'm a very lucky man."

By Linda Newbold

THE SITE PROVIDES THE FIRST CLUES TO HOW ANCIENT ANIMALS INTERACTED



Kooyman enjoying the opportunities in his own backyard

atic tests later confirmed horse protein residues on two of the weapons. "So all of the pieces," says Kooyman, "are falling together."

In fact, the Alberta discoveries appear to dovetail with research published last month in the journal *Science*, by John Alroy, a University of California evolutionary biologist. Alroy has developed a computer model that attempts to simulate the impact early man's arrival had on the animals. No matter how he crunches the numbers, Alroy finds that shortly after humans appear, giant herbivores like the meeseek are driven to extinction. Kooyman says that appears consistent with his own findings. But he cautions against seeing hunting in the sole factor in the animals' demise. "Humans contributed to the animals' an-

LIFE IS FULL OF CHOICES. MADE HOURS YET?



Choose where you work and when you're off, you will.

Choose the world's number one selling notebook computer.

Tecra 8200 features the Intel® Pentium® M processor.

TOSHIBA
THE NOTEBOOK OF CHOICE

www.toshiba.ca





Grey's gone, Day's reeling from the drip-drip of defections. Is this any way to unite the right?

By John Goddard in Ottawa

The question to ask about the beleaguered Canadian Alliance has changed. Even since eight MPs fed up with Stockwell Day's leadership formed a rebel faction on May 15, speculation has been all about who might be next. Would respected MP Monte Solberg join the revolt? Would party roots Deborah Grey? Solberg, who finally got out last week, "Stuck," she advised in her semi-official way, "there is no shame in admitting you are not a leader." He kicked her out of caucus, just as he did Solberg and 79 other MPs who had previously gone public with their view he had to go.

The next day, Manitoba MP Irwin Munn followed suit, becoming the 13th member of the dissenters' group. More right join them over the coming weeks, but the serious

damage has been done. So the focus now switches from *who next* to *what next*.

After all, the rebel Alliance now has more than the dozen MPs needed to qualify for party status when the House returns in the fall. But according to anti-Day strategist Rick Anderson, "Expanding the caucus of independent Alliance MPs is not the goal." This may come as a surprise to many outside the Alliance who see Anderson, a former key adviser to Prime Minister, as the dark maverick behind the dump-Day movement. They've assumed the rebel would try to keep up the pressure by orchestrating a steady stream of defections. Following Grey's departure, however, both Day loyalists and those who want to end his troubled post-oligarchy as leader began plotting a quite different scenario.

If even Day's departure did not shake Stock's determination to cling to the job,

maybe the way to get to him was from within. Under this approach, some of the 33 MPs remaining in the Alliance caucus, along with some members of the party's national council, would now begin urging Day to resign—without adding to his embarrassment by any further displays of public disapproval.

So far, though, Day has betrayed no hint of being open to such overtures. He calls the rebels "axis losers" and "promise breakers." He capped a blistering description of Grey as a "poor powerbroker" (few would question her timely move) with a patronizing expression of forgiveness towards the veteran Alberta politician. "It wasn't really her fault," Day told a news conference. "She's just been overwhelmed by it, and I forgive her for her decision." One might suppose it's Day who has reason to feel overwhelmed. Support for the Alliance has dropped to 10 per cent or less in most polls, leaving even some MPs who have sided by him searching for means to political salvation.

The same Day dramatically announced just last month—a party-wide referendum on holding formal merger talks with the Tories—appears to have been abandoned. The Alliance's so-called unity conference decided last week not to conduct Day's proposed formal vote among members. Instead, it plans to send a non-binding survey on the crucial subject to a regularly scheduled caucus of the membership.

But if Day's bid to take charge of the last-until-the-right-threshold has been downgraded, others are pressing hard—even desperately—in the same direction. Bob Dechert, a top Alliance organizer in Ontario, is trying to set up a fund-raising team that would gather firm corporate commitments to give \$10 million in a contest right-leaving alternative to the Liberals—an incentive for a Tory-Alliance merger before the next election. And a group of Alliance and Conservative MPs are planning a morning late this month in Halifax to work common ground. Notably, the get-together willy include not only politicians, Tory MPs like Peter MacKay and veteran Alliance MPs like John Williams, but also Solberg of the anti-Day splinter. "By the time the next election rolls around," said Newfoundland Tory MP Lyle Vroom, who will attend the Halifax meeting, "there must be one united conservative party on the ballot." It's hard now to imagine Day playing much of a role in making it happen. ■

A photograph from the 2000 election. The photograph is a portrait of a man, likely a politician, looking directly at the camera. The text is a vertical credit line on the left side of the page.



BRING YOURSELF TO THE WORLD WITH A VISION

Whether your travel dreams take you to a beach or a big city, across the ocean or just across the border, only the Royal Bank Visa Avion Gold card brings you the world with no blackout periods or seating restrictions. Get the freedom and flexibility you're looking for.

- Earn 1 Avion Point for every dollar you spend on the card!
- Receive special offers from a growing list of partners
- Redeem Avion Points for flights, hotel accommodations and car rentals
- Convert Avion Points to Aeroplan® Miles or British Airways Executive Club miles!
- 2,500 points welcome bonus and 2,500 points each year upon renewal!

For details, call 1-800 ROYAL 1-2 (1-800-769-2512) or visit www.royalbank.com/cards/avion

ROYAL BANK

© 2004 Royal Bank of Canada. All rights reserved. The Royal Bank of Canada is a member of the Royal Bank Group. The Royal Bank of Canada is a member of the Royal Bank Group. The Royal Bank of Canada is a member of the Royal Bank Group.

Religious fervour brought thousands of Jews, some from Canada, to the Israeli-occupied territories. Are they heroes—or dangerous zealots?

UNDER SIEGE

BY ERIC SILVER in Efrat

When clinical psychologist Ruby Wolkowiczson ran out on the 15-km drive from the Jewish settlement of Efrat to see patients in Jerusalem, there are several things he must keep in mind. Place the hands low on the steering wheel so they won't be cut if a rock dashes the windshield. If something hits the bonnet from somewhere else, say calm. Remember that so far this year three neighbours, a man and two women, have been shot dead on this new blacktop highway. "Every morning, every day," says the Montreal-born Wolkowiczson, "I worry about whether I'm being a responsible parent in exposing my kids to the risks of living here."

A deep sense of commitment to the Jewish state brought the Wolkowiczsons, like thousands before them, to Israel's dangerous frontier. "The Holocaust would not have happened had there been an Israel," says Wolkowiczson's wife, Lydia, a thin, 43-year-old executive with a high-tech company. "There would have been a place for the Jews." And, as the daughter of a woman who survived the Holocaust, she says she and her husband were making a stand for all Jews when, in 1987, they moved with

their two children to Efrat, an Israeli-occupied territory that is covered by right-wing landers as part of their ancient homeland. "We're chosen," she says, "to take responsibility."

Back then, fighting was virtually nonexistent around the town of 7,000—a cluster of stone-fronted, red-roofed villas that looks like a California suburb. Cherries, apricots, plums, almonds and grapes grow in the Wolkowiczson's garden, which has a gas barbecue, a hammock and a raspberry bush imported from Quebec. "It seemed like the best of both worlds," says Lydia. "It was suburban in the way we grew up with, and

at the same time it was in Israel."

Now, hardly a day passes that the Wolkowiczsons, who have five children, do not question their decision to come. Since Sept. 28, 2000, more than 600 people, including 127 Israeli-aided, have died in what has become known as the second Palestinian uprising. The settlers' villages have become the front lines in the increasingly deadly battle, leaving the Wolkowiczsons constantly exposed to danger. Their van has been hit four times by large rocks, and has been fitted with shockproof plastic side windows, although the windshield is still glass. "You hear this boom,"



The Wolkowiczson family has built a prosperous life amid danger, but both Palestinian and Israeli provocations want them out.

Ruby Wolkowiczson says as he recalls how the van was previously hit, all the while watching the road ahead for signs of danger. "Your heart skips a beat. If it strikes your windshield, you're blindfold for a few seconds. You have to try to maintain control of the car and your body."

To some Israelis, the settlers are heroes, righteous missionaries who have led us out to "redeem" the Jewish homeland—often at the expense of local Palesti-

nians—as a first step towards the coming of the Messiah. The first settlers, near Hebron, a city holy to both Jews and Muslims as the burial place of their common ancestor, Abraham, were built on land taken by Israel from Jordan in the Six Day War in 1967. Despite international condemnation, the number of Jewish villages continued to grow across the disputed region as successive governments, left and right, offered cheap housing and tax breaks to attract families to

the new towns. They now number 146, with about 200,000 people living nervously in armed camps amid three million Palestinians.

They hardly have the support of all Israeli either. Peace campaigners see the settlers as dangerous extremists—right-wing shock troops pushing back the borders of Israel. And they denounce the settlers as a major stumbling block in the way of a comprehensive agreement with the Palestinians. Opinion polls, meanwhile,



consistently show that nearly 40 per cent of Israeli would support the dismantling of some of the villages under a comprehensive peace plan. "The settlements are a great security burden, a grave political difficulty and a moral evil," says Janis Anisai, a leader of the Israeli activist group Peace Now.

They also remain one of the flash points for Arab-Israeli hostilities. In late June, as the violence increased, U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell met with Israeli and Palestinian leaders to negotiate a so-called cooling-off period, during which both sides promised to stop fighting for seven days in the hopes of restoring peace talks. But the death of a Jewish soldier last week near Gaza, a settlement south of Hebron, helped reignite the violence and raised serious doubts over whether Powell's objective will succeed. The soldier, Yair Hirsch, 31, the father of nine children, was shot in the head at close range and especially stabbed as he took his sheep out to pasture. His friends described him as peaceful, but Palestinian authorities and he was often in confrontation with Arab farmers and shepherds over water and grazing rights.

As it has in the past, the Israeli army reacted by bulldozing Palestinian homes before departing for Europe, where he was to meet with a number of leaders, Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said. Hirsch's death so enraged Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. "There is no ceasefire," said Sharon, a hardliner. "Arafat never instructed [his people] to stop the terror."

In Efrat, Lyndy Wolfensohn sits desperately to preserve the vestiges of normal family life in the face of the continuing hostilities. "If we want to take the kids to Jerusalem just for fun, we think twice," she says. "We try to stuff more into it when we do go." Some friends here in the enclave are too fearful to visit them. "I don't even ask them anymore," says Lyndy. But the Wolfensohns persist, venturing out to see a movie, shop, out in a restaurant, visit a doctor.

Yet their son, Amos, 13, travels off in soccer-plaid bus when he goes to play little-league baseball in Jerusalem. His



mother worries about what might happen to him in the city where there were two car bombings in May. Gila, the Wolfensohns' 18-year-old daughter, is making driving lessons. Lyndy is already fuming about what might happen on the road. "I don't go out so much now," says Gila. "I'm more aware of danger."

It is a common precaution—with disturbing consequences. Ruby Wolfensohn says the people of Efrat are showing

Grievance and spontaneous celebrations over the growing tension in Efrat

watched on the street, in memory of Yisroel (Kobi) Minkoff, who played in the same league and was murdered on May 9. "I was really mad when I heard he'd been killed," Anisai says. "The kids in school cried." Anisai's father belongs to a local emergency team of security officers and social workers. One of their jobs is to break

the news to families when someone is killed. Ruby spent a day counselling Kobi Minkoff's parents and he says he found it difficult to act as a detached professional. "Losing a child who is blindfolded to death by the use of a soccer ball and trying to arrange what your son goes through in the last minute of his life is worse than any hell I can imagine," he says.

Like other Canadian, American or British immigrants to Israel, the Wolfensohns can leave the terror behind any time they wish. But would they leave the West Bank if an elected Israeli government decided to evict settlements in exchange for peace? Ruby says yes—conditionally. "I would move, but I would want it to be accepted by the Arab world, and the whole world, that after we've pulled back, if those guys dare to harm any Israeli citizens, we will respond in any way we feel necessary." Meanwhile, Israel has erected steel and concrete shields along strategic stretches of the road from Efrat to Jerusalem. And Wolfensohn continues to make the dangerous journey to see patients, nervously scanning the road ahead, driving with his hands on the bottom of

his four-behind him. But death has left its mark on the children. Amos brings out his grey baseball shirt. It has "Kobi" and the number eight on the front. ■



So how to console Canadians over the news—delivered right after Canada Day—that the country has fallen to No. 3 in the ranking of the world's best places to live? For seven straight years, Canada had led the United Nations Human Development Index. Politicians, not least Jean Chrétien, have pointed to it with overwhelming pride. Speeches in at chamber of commerce townships, teachers in their classrooms, Canadians agreeing with Americans all have alluded to it. It was a source of national identity.

Well, first we lost the top spot by a micro-whisper—a measure of wealth and lifestyle so tight that you have to go to five decimal places to tell winners from losers. The new leader of the pack, Norway, scored—out of 1—0.939. The next three, Australia, Canada and Sweden, all scored 0.936 in the published report, but the UN says it used five decimals (unpublished) for the results. In effect, we're tied for No. 2.

And hey, now we can admit it: the UN never called it a measure of "the best places to live." It's a weighted average, rating life expectancy, education and GDP per capita. It doesn't even include



crime, or scenery. So where did Canada come up short? Not on education or life expectancy—our numbers were the same as Norway's. Money it was money. Nevertheless, the UN says, can buy \$28,433 (U.S.) worth of goods a year on average (the measure taken purchasing power into account), while Canadians make do with \$26,251 (U.S.). Atomics, with fewer dollars, were buoyed by education and life in numbers on a tiny rock higher.

And while the methodology has changed from last year, Canada's longevity and education ratings dropped slightly while Norway's soared the same.

Anyway, misery loves company. Canada's two close cousins in what has been called "Anglo-Saxon capitalism"—that is, low welfare-oriented—both fell as well. The United States slipped by three places, Britain by four. And then it all hope. The numbers generally drop on data from 1998 or 1999—one of the reasons there's been a lag in others overhauling Canada despite the social-service cuts of the mid-1990s. So here in 2001, we may already be making a comeback.

Berton Woodwood

THE TOP TWENTY

Rankings on the UN's 2001 Human Development Index (last year's rank in brackets)

1. Norway (2)
2. Australia (4)
3. Canada (1)
4. Sweden (5)
5. Belgium (7)
6. United States (2)
7. Ireland (3)
8. Netherlands (8)
9. Japan (3)
10. Finland (13)
11. Switzerland (13)
12. Luxembourg (17)
13. France (12)
14. Britain (16)
15. Denmark (15)
16. Austria (21)
17. Germany (14)
18. Ireland (18)
19. New Zealand (20)
20. Italy (15)

THE BOTTOM FIVE

Poorer countries were listed this year, but Sierra Leone was rated lowest last year.

168. Kiribati (171)
152. Burkina Faso (172)
160. Benin (170)
165. Niger (173)
162. Sierra Leone (174)

STEELTOWN BLUES

By KATHERINE MACKLEM in Sault Ste. Marie

With his first paycheck from Algoma Steel Corp. Ltd., Tim Bond of Sault Ste. Marie bought a '62 Chevy Biscayne for \$150. Nineteen years old, part of high school, Bond drove the car up and down the Queen Street strip, and along with the other fresh-scrubbed faces of the Sault, he recalls "just [driving] giggles to home." It was 1970, the steel plant was expanding,

and wages were high. A year earlier, the employment situation was so tight, Algoma had sent a man to Britain to scout out skilled workers. By 1981, Algoma Steel's employment levels reached a peak of 13,000 people, or roughly one in every six Saulters (not that children included). The company had become like a little town, besides its pool of laborers, tradespeople and engineers. It employed everyone from printers to X-ray operators.

Twenty years later, the scene is much more somber. Along Queen Street, many storefronts sit empty. Bond, now a union local president, is fighting to save jobs—and the Sault's bloodstock employer. The Algoma steel plant, Canada's third-largest integrated steel producer, is in severe trouble. There's not much nighttime building on the strip anymore.

Algoma Steel—now Inc., following a restructuring in 1992—is on the verge of

bankruptcy and for the second time in a decade is under court-ordered protection from creditors. Still the Sault's largest employer, Algoma today employs about 4,000 people. While analysts argue over what went wrong, a battery of lawyers, bankers and investment advisers is once again toiling to put together a deal that will keep the company—and Sault Ste. Marie—in business. It will mean drawing difficult concessions from a diverse slate of stakeholders: bondholders, the provincial government, employees, itself, who was at the negotiating table 10 years in a union VR, a back again—this time in a union VR (Local 2251) of the United Steelworkers of America, representing 3,300 Algoma workers. "This," he says, "is the start of the dance."

The Algoma Steel plant stretches over 810 hectares of land along St. Marys River, the channel of water that joins Lake Superior and Huron. The plant is like a boy's ultimate wooden fantasy, only giant-sized. There are mountains of smooth steel pellets and cinder coal lumps, rusted train lanes wide, forklift cake ovens, train tracks, conveyor belts, lifts, overhead hoists and cranes, labyrinths of catwalks and cement corridors. Everything is oversized. Buckle-shaped vessels, called ladles, are as big as barnhouses. Whinger-washer-style rollers rise the size of water beams are used to flatten soft steel into thin, hard sheets. There is the noise. The heat. And in the case of 100-year-old Algoma, the debt.

In April, following disastrous results for 2000 and the first quarter of 2001, Algoma petitioned the Ontario Superior Court of Justice to protect it under the Companies' Creditors Arrangement Act, better known as CCAA—Me-At. Last year, the company lost \$60 million. In the first three months of 2001, it hemorrhaged \$167 million. Officials project a total loss this year of \$196 million. In its court filing, Algoma listed debts amounting to a debelieving \$1.57 billion as assets it says are worth \$1.37 billion. If the company hadn't sought bankruptcy protection, it would be in default on a \$32-million interest payment due this week. It has already defaulted on its line of credit.

The nearest payment arises from \$551 million worth of bonds issued in 1995 and 1996, the largest single piece of the company's debt. The money was raised to build a state-of-the-art facility called the DSPC, for direct strip production complex, completed in 1997. But the bonds were expensive—they were issued in U.S. dollars and pay a yield of 14.38 per cent.

The company's troubles don't begin and end with the debt—they are only part of a larger picture. The money was raised to build a state-of-the-art facility called the DSPC, for direct strip production complex, completed in 1997. But the bonds were expensive—they were issued in U.S. dollars and pay a yield of 14.38 per cent.

The company's troubles don't begin and end with the debt—they are only

AS ALGOMA GOES, SO GOES THE CITY OF SAULT STE. MARIE



Stephen A. Torsberg, an entrepreneur wannabe, built steel in Algoma's high-tech complex (left)

made worse by it, says Alexander Adams, Algoma's president and chief executive. "We did everything we could to avoid this option," he says. The problems started, he argues, with imported steel that has flooded into the North American market at below-cost prices. The imported metal, which now accounts for 44 per cent of domestic Canadian consumption, has pulled down prices roughly 30 per cent, depending on the product. Across the continent, the industry is in dire straits, Adams points out. In the United States, five of 12 integrated steel companies have filed for recently merged from restructuring proceedings. "Other com-

panies are dumping and are impacting the North American industry. That's a fact," Adams says. "It's not something Algoma Steel concocted."

Adams has been travelling, visiting his major customers—auto and auto parts manufacturers, and service centers, and pipe and tubing fabricators. "It's basically reassuring customers that we're going to get this restructuring done," he says. He admits the company's debt cost it "out of proportion" to the rest of the industry—four times that of Canadian auto other major steel producers, Inco Inc. and Dofasco Inc. The DSPC, built using the expensive money, is a state-of-the-art, it took years to get all the bugs out of the system. Ironically, just last May, the merger following Algoma's bankruptcy protection filing, the DSPC reached production levels forecast as its cornerstone—two years behind schedule. Still, despite the high cost and the delays, Adams defends the new facility. "We've revitalized our assets from a fairly tired set to a good set."

Others will argue Algoma's problems go back well before the current round of alleged dumping, or even the 1995-1996 financing deal. Located in Northern Ontario, the plant is too far from markets, some say. Mismanagement of assets leading up to the company's near-collapse in the early 1990s has been an ongoing story, say others. Then there is labour strife, especially a debilitating four-month strike in 1990.

None of this matters to Flip Spier, a high-profile restructuring expert hired by Algoma's board in May. Spier, who has managed turnarounds of some of Canada's largest companies—Enbridge, Regipac—was at the Algoma table in 1992. "I guess hindsight's great," he says sardonically, when asked if the 1995-1996 financing deal was a mistake, and makes it clear he's looking forward. He aims. "To restore profitability," he says, "even in poor pricing markets."

Spier's job is something like putting together a jigsaw puzzle with pieces that



loop-changing shape. "None of the parties want to be at the table giving up anything," he says of the three key players. For workers, their jobs and pensions are at stake, for the bondholders, the \$515-million investment, plus interest. For the government of Ontario, a bankruptcy of Algoma Steel would be politically and economically costly as it could jeopardize the entire South region. The province could be left holding the bag on the company's pension, which would cost it up to \$500 million. In the next few weeks, Stephen will lay out a plan to all of the stakeholders. "No one will like it," he predicts, but adds they won't be surprised. "Quite frankly, they know what we need to do to make Algoma viable." He goes some hints: the bondholders "most likely will be converted to equity owners. Costs must come down and that means employee concessions."

"We are going to have to deal with some issues in the collective agreement." The province has made clear it won't provide a bailout, but the company is not asking for one, Stephen says. "Really, the way these weeks everybody has to give up a little, there's a little of the pain to make the restructuring work."

Part of his mandate, he says, is to look for a possible buyer or partner. But such a deal would most likely follow a restructuring agreement that he part of it.

CEO Adam says Ontario must act on the dumping issue. The industry, which has filed a series of lawsuits with federal authorities, isn't asking for protection, but if you envision yourself a world superpower, you wouldn't want to be totally dependent on other parts of the world for primary materials like steel," Adam says. The U.S. government has already launched, through the International Trade Commission, an investigation into imports into its market. Ontario is watching to see if the U.S. action results in steel being diverted to Canada. If so, the feds will invoke safeguard provisions, International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew said recently. That's not enough for the industry which is calling on Ontario to act more forcefully



ADAM HAS CALLED ON OTTAWA TO ACT FIRMLY AGAINST FOREIGN DUMPING

With its huge losses, the plant is like a high-wire act. Keeping only steel alive. Adam (left)

against perceived unfair trade. "We shouldn't have our business trampled by people who break the law," Adam declares.

At last, the CEO expresses guarded optimism. "There is no scenario that makes sense with this place shutting down," he says. But saving it will be painful.

best views. "We're asking the federal government to level the playing field," he says, sitting on a stool and drinking coffee at the school canteen in his kitchen. Smith, like Bonnell, was a new hire in the early '70s, brought on as a wedding apprentice. A couple of years into the job, Smith was standing on a giant

manhole cover when it suddenly blew. The accident killed a co-worker. The body football-playing Smith spent first years in and out of hospital. When he finally returned to work, it was to an office job. Nine years, shortly before his 49th birthday, Smith will be eligible to retire and draw on the company pension. He says the failure of Algoma would devastate the town. "I don't like to brag," he says, but "Algoma is South St. Mary."

Algoma's wage and pension bill in 2000 exceeds \$300 million, he points out, almost all of it going to local people. The city's railway, trucking and shipping industries are in the South because of Algoma. Residents, fearing the worst, have already begun to cut back on spending, says Smith's wife, Jan. Still, her husband, like many Saulters, is hopeful. He feels Algoma was more likely to have gone under in 1991, during the last crisis. Now, with the state-of-the-art D57C, the company has a chance, he believes.

In his garage, Smith has a '71 Boss 351 Mustang that Jan calls "the red shell." For the 50th anniversary on it, James says he is willing to retire to fix it up. And who knows? If both the car and Algoma get fixed in time, maybe they'll hang back cruising on Queen Street.

On his garage, Smith has a '71 Boss 351 Mustang that Jan calls "the red shell." For the 50th anniversary on it, James says he is willing to retire to fix it up. And who knows? If both the car and Algoma get fixed in time, maybe they'll hang back cruising on Queen Street.

WHERE OUR STEEL COMES FROM

Share of Canadian market in percent



Legend: U.S., Europe, Asia, Japan, Korea, China, India, Others

CANADA'S BIG THREE

Global shipments, millions of tons

STEELCO	4.2
DOMINION	4.4
ALGOMA	4.4

Source: Canadian Steel Institute



Photo by Tom Jack



Want more!

MoneySense is Canada's best-selling magazine dedicated to helping you manage your money like never before.

Every issue is loaded with valuable ideas, information, and insights — like these...

- real estate... that first home, trading up, vacation properties
- minimizing taxes... why pay more than you should
- estate planning... preserving your capital
- investment choices... stocks, mutual funds, GIC's
- retirement options... enjoying the rewards
- wise spending... getting full value for every dollar

SEND FOR YOUR FREE ISSUE TODAY!

Call 1-888-268-6868
www.moneysense.ca

Mail to: MoneySense, 777 Bay Street, 8th Floor, Toronto Ontario M5W 1A7

☒ **YES, I want my FREE ISSUE!**

If I like it, I'll pay your invoice for a whole year's worth (6 more issues, 9 in all) for just \$19.95 (plus tax)! If MoneySense isn't for me, I'll write "no thanks" on the bill and owe nothing. **THE FREE ISSUE IS MINE TO KEEP, NO MATTER WHAT!**

Name: Title:

Address:

City:

Province:

Postal Code:

PHOTOGRAPH

ROGERS MEDIA

MoneySense

FOR CANADIANS WHO WANT MORE

New service from

Maclean's

A Concise Review of the Week's Top Stories Sent to You by E-mail

Have your say about what's
happening in Canada

Keep on top of the main issues facing Canadians every week, with Maclean's new Storyline email service. It's free, and it's available to all Maclean's readers.

At the beginning of each week, Maclean's will email you a brief outline of the key stories to be featured in the next issue. You'll get a first look at the top stories of the week through live links to our website, macleans.ca.

You'll also be able to cast your vote in our weekly poll, send letters to the editor, talk to other Canadians online, and generally keep up on what's happening.

Sign up now for **Storyline**, the
free email newsletter from

macleans.ca

Go to
www.macleans.ca/storyline
NOW!

ROGERS
MEDIA

Tech Explorer

Enabling ATMs

When the first bank machine appeared on the scene in 1970, it was touted as a way to make banking more accessible. For for a bank's disabled customers, a regular ATM dispensed nothing but difficulty—scratching, seeing, hearing. Now, an arm of Dayton, Ohio-based ATM-maker NCR Corp., along with the Royal Bank of Canada, has come up with a machine to help less-able locked customers gain better access. For the visually and hearing impaired, the new ATM's high-contrast touch-screen with large buttons and text enables users to navigate through the transaction much more easily, says Mark Groun, chief technology officer for NCR's self-service division. "Accessibility has always been part of the design, but what we're trying to do is increase that accessibility."

The prototype has a headphone jack that provides audio prompts as well as pips. Braille dots and grooves enable blind customers to feel for where to insert their specially programmed bank cards and retrieve cash, and an ergonomically placed keypad helps those in wheelchairs reach buttons. That model is currently undergoing user tests. NCR and Royal Bank also plan to install 250 simpler machines, featuring audio prompts, across Canada by the end of next year.

Paul-Mark Borden

Laptops on the fly

The dream is coming closer. Ideally, you could use your laptop anywhere, wirelessly, and still get good network connection speeds. Montreal-based Microsoft Solutions Inc. now promises that. This month, the supplier of Fido cellphones is expected to begin shipping a \$500 PC card made by Novatel Wireless Inc. of San Diego. The card uses Fido's new General Packet Radio Services, or GPRS, network to move bursts of data at speeds of up to 56 kilobits per second. That is comparable to a wired dial-up service, says Terry Kelly, Microsoft's vice-president of business solutions.



NCR and the Royal Bank want to bring more accessibility to bank machines.

"If a particular area is very jammed," adds Kelly, "it could slow down marginally."

With the card, says Microsoft, business travellers—their target market—can roam throughout North America unencumbered by wires or the need to fuss with hotel phone lines. They can access e-mail and their attachments, or surf the Web. Microsoft will charge users for the data they download: \$75 for 25 megabytes, \$100 for 50 megabytes and \$150 for 100 megabytes. One megabyte, says Kelly, corresponds to about 500 e-mails without attachments, 20 or so with attachments, or about 60 Web pages. A \$25 two-megabyte plan for palm-sized computers is expected later this year.

Danilo Horakobika

COOL SITE

Digital literacy

Read a good book lately, online? Visitors to www.bartleby.com can by searching a database linking web reference, verse and classic literature. The site offers book summaries, biographies of acclaimed authors, and the ability to hunt down specific passages. It also offers searchable dictionaries, thesauri and Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, as well as such works as Emily Post's *Etiquette* and Fanny Farmer's *The Modern Cook Book*.

HOW DOES YOUR FINANCIAL GARDEN GROW?

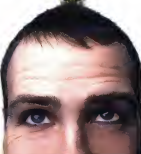
Cultivating your financial success demands your constant attention. That's why Quicken.ca is there for you, every day. We provide you with all the fertile ingredients you need—financial news, tools, tips and techniques, both online and in a choice of timely newsletters—to keep your wealth growing. Quicken.ca is Canada's premier financial website— independent, authoritative and completely objective. Our one goal is to give you clear, solid, up-to-the-minute advice, tools and information—all dedicated to making your financial garden thrive. So whatever your immediate interest— managing your portfolio, starting a small business, keeping up with mutual funds, finding the lowest mortgage or insurance rate, tax planning, or anything else—dig into www.quicken.ca today.

You'll be surprised at the valuable ideas that'll start sprouting.

Quicken.ca

DEDICATED TO YOUR SUCCESS.

www.quicken.ca



ROGERS
MEDIA

ALL SYSTEMS GO



The moment when John Lymer's pager went off on May 17 is etched in his memory. The chief engineer for Canadarm2, Canada's vital contribution to the international space program, was at work at the Brampton, Ont., headquarters of MacDonald Dettwiler Space and Advanced Robotics Ltd., where the sophisticated robotic arm was born. It had been just over two weeks since Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield and his crewmates aboard the shuttle Endeavour successfully mated Canadarm2 to the side of the International Space Station, and it was working fine. Until that fateful day. The station's crew had Canadarm2 outstretched, testing every joint by moving them at top speed. Without warning, the robotic limb froze. NASA's response: call Lymer. And in Brampton, Lymer's first thought on hearing about the

failure: "Oh no, it's only been two weeks." With equipment that complicated, failures are to be expected over time. That it happened so soon in the arm's 20-year lifespan, however, left Lymer shaking his head in disbelief. The stakes were enormous—the entire multibillion-dollar space mission project depends on the arm working properly. With Canada's technological pride and joy on the line, NASA had to postpone the next two shuttle missions. For Lymer and his team, it was imperative they find the problem—fast—and fix it. As the disastrous news spread, 20 engineers and software experts at Canadian-based MD Robotics (formerly Spar Space Robotics) began working 15-hour days, seven days a

Problem with Canadarm2 (outstretched beneath the station) delayed two missions

week, on staggered shifts around the clock. Lymer sped to NASA's Mission Control outside Houston.

First, the troubleshooters traced the problem to the arm's backup control system and a 78-pin computer chip—the size of a matchbook—in the shoulder. A built-in test circuit appeared to conclude that the data the chip was sending to the arm's main computer were faulty, so it was instructing the computer intermittently to shut everything down. Next, the team sent software modifications to the arm via NASA's radio linkup with the space station. On June 6, it instructed the arm to save and transmit the data the next time the elusive failure occurred. "The computer, instead of just shutting down," says Lymer, "would burp everything it knows about itself."

To the technicians' great relief, further software modifications confirmed that the chip was simply interpreting data incorrectly, that in fact there was nothing wrong with the arm. That ruled out the worst-case scenario: an expensive mission to replace a faulty joint or computer. By June 7, they had the arm operating again. On June 26—40 days after the failure—a final version of a software patch instructing the arm's system to ignore the false alarms was in place. Three days later, NASA gave the next shuttle mission, by then a month late, the green light for a launch this week. It will carry an outlook to be used by station crew members making space walks. All eyes will be on Canadarm2 as it flexes its final real one lifting the airlock into position.

Keeping in touch with the repair effort, Hadfield says he quickly became confident the failure wasn't mechanical, and that a software change would fix things. "It isn't our only problem in a system as complicated as this," he says, "we've done superb engineering and development to be able to deliver a product that good." Lymer celebrated by taking the Canada Day weekend off to lie on a dock near Burlington in central Ontario and enjoy some frosty beer. "Talk about relief," he said, uncaring but that free weekend since May 17.

Danyle Hruschanka

HOW TROUBLE-SHOOTERS RESCUED THE 'FROZEN' ARM

WE'VE GOT CANADA COVERED.

Maclean's covers all the issues that matter most: education, health, politics, business, the arts and more — all written from a Canadian perspective. Your Maclean's subscription also includes numerous annual issues, including our Year-End Poll, Honour Roll and University Ranking. All in all, it's an informative and entertaining package enjoyed by 1.7 million Canadians every week.



Subscribe now for just
99¢ an issue — 78¢ off
the cover price — call
1-888-MACLEAN'S
(1-888-622-5320)

Subscribe to our
free email newsletter:
www.macleans.ca/storyline





Richard Pound did the IOC's heavy lifting, and that just might cost him the top job

Presidential Politics



In Richard Pound, a serious candidate for president of the International Olympic Committee? It hasn't taken the long view, the Montreal icebreaker and 23-year IOC veteran and he had no clear sense of where he stood with the 120-vote delegate who can decide his fate on July 16. Would think someone who cared about winning would have been campaigning hard, kissing babies and shaking hands.

JAMES DEACON ON SPORTS

But prior to flying to Moscow for this week's IOC meetings that will culminate with voting to choose the host city for 2008 and then the new president, Pound told he had not sought publicity for his plunkers, nor public support from other members. "We're not allowed to," he said.

It's a foul's game, trying to undermine the IOC. According to election rules, candidates like security children, too only

speak when spoken to. Really, American Anita DeFranco, Hungary's Pál Schuster, Belgium Jacques Rogge, South Korea's Kim Un-jong and Pound can't contract reports or stage news conferences. They're only allowed to respond if reporters call them and ask direct questions. They can submit letters—for IOC members' eyes only—nothing, how they might govern the organization, and they have taken every opportunity to solicit support when members gather for meetings. But another

Pound won't say if he'll stay on if he's not elected president, but it's clear the IOC could lose a major player

rule forbids members from publicly declaring which candidate they would prefer after 23 years under Spanish Juan Antonio Samaranch. Last week, after telling an interviewer he thought Pound was the best candidate, Australian IOC member Kevin Gasper was upbraided by IOC ethics committee chairman Keith Miley for conduct that "conflicts with the harmonious course" of the campaign. Whatever that means.

There's a note of irritation in Pound's voice when discussing the restrictive rules. But there's no quit, either. He proudly stands on his record. He has done the important and dirty IOC jobs, among them negotiating billions of dollars' worth of TV contracts, leading the investigation into the Salt Lake City bribery scandal and heading the World Anti-Doping Agency. And because of that, some influential sponsors and TV executives see Pound as the most visible agent of change among the candidates. They share his conviction that the IOC, much more complex than it was 20 years ago, needs a more integrated management approach. But outsiders can't vote. To win on election day, Pound says, "I need the silent majority, members who have thought about what the Olympic movement could be someday and asked, 'Who can make this happen?'"

Thanks to the rules, though, the election will be conducted behind a machinelike veil. That secrecy suits Samaranch ("your excellence") to people he trusts, who turn 81 next week and is retiring only because the rules won't let him continue on. So while Pound, Rogge and Kim, the main contenders, try to get their message out in receptions and meetings in Moscow, the nonpartisan Samaranch may well try to play language. In fact, insiders are guessing that Rogge, running on a largely status-quo platform, is the true runner because he has the outgoing president's support.

Pound and Kim are not out of the game, but they have issues on their CVs. Kim was censured after the Salt Lake investigation for arranging to get his son a job there. And he is campaigning on a promise to restore free selection voting for all IOC members—a right that was taken away because some members had used their votes to pressure host cities to make their votes for cash, jobs and university scholarships. Pound's problem is that he stood against Samaranch in 1995 when the Spaniard engineered a vote to extend the mandated retirement age, giving him another four-year term at the helm. And some members see Pound as the bad guy for the recent reforms enacted after the Salt Lake affair, even though Rogge and Schmidt also served on the investigating team and helped draft the new rules.

Pound probably won't go back to considering the heavy load for someone else if he loses the presidency, although he won't say directly. "The best way to lose," he jokes, "is to plan what you're going to do when it happens." He wants the job, but he doesn't plan to soften his pitch in Moscow. "I am what I am," he says, "and I am not going to change that just to get elected."

The civic race for the rings

In the vast main Olympic press centre at the Sydney Games last year, Swedish, the Swiss watchmaker and International Olympic Committee sponsor, decorated a soaring central wall with giant watchcases hanging by the straps on their ownised straps. In a variation on typical press-centre displays of the current time around the world, it hit one of the watchmen in Sydney told the news in order that had been chosen to host winter or summer Games. There were, among others, watches for Nagano (1998), Sydney, Salt Lake City (2002) and Athens (2004). Most tellingly though, the odd one out told the time in Beijing, which has never won the right to be a host city. There was no official explanation why the Chinese capital was included, but the message was clear: Finger Paris and Toronto, in important circles, they have always been the favourites to host the 2008 Games.

That doesn't let Mel Lutzman off the hook. Toronto's bid to match mayor will get a lot of them if the city doesn't



For 2008, outsiders see Beijing on up

win this week's International Olympic Committee free-selection vote in Moscow. He apologized profusely of course, for jolting of his African watch that he saw himself "in a pot of boiling water with all these natives dancing around me." But no one in Canada, let alone any of the African IOC delegates, laughed at his Hope-and-Crosby sense of humor. The gift forced Toronto bid officials into damage-control mode when they should have been aggressively showcasing their strengths—a solid electoral plan, an athlete-friendly focus and the promised legacy of civic involvement and state-of-the-art sports facilities.

Because of those issues, Bob Bachmann, the bid's chief operating officer, was confident last week that Toronto could overcome Beijing. "You look at recent history," he said. "In five out of the last six free-selection votes, the favourite going in won the winner coming out."

Maybe. But Beijing lost to Sydney by only two votes for the 2000 Games, and insiders say it would take a Tiananmen Square-caliber human rights atrocity for the city to hit this time. Among IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch is pushing hard for a Chinese Games as his final legacy—to formally embrace the world's most popular nation in the Olympics. "Simply." And commercially, there are 10 multinational companies paying \$55 million (U.S.) each to sponsor the Games. Those companies already list plenty of consumer electronics, soda pop and watches in Europe and North America, whereas China is willing to open the door to a relatively unexplored market with 1.3 billion consumers. As the Swedish display indicated in Sydney, the winning for this Olympic decision may be on the roll.

J.D.

Does Toronto deserve to win the bid for the 2008 Olympic Games?

SUMMER OF THE SHARK

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

Moviegoers stayed out of their wits, or at least out of the water, by Jean, Steven Spielberg's surreal 1975 picture to ancient times, probably considered themselves with the thought it wasn't true. *Shark*—a 16-gigantic, 20-lb-of-flesh-and-bone-per-late (cinemas)—don't actually cruise northern beaches scaring up holiday swimmers, do they? Well, maybe not often, but it has happened, most notably in an incident Jean told fans to be on to. Trying to convince the mayor of Amity to close the town's beaches, dittoing police chief Martin Brody (Roy Scheider) yells, "The Jersey beach 1916 five people chowd up on the raft!" Now, American writer Michael Capuzzo, a four-time Pulitzer Prize nominee, has taken that true story and turned it into a gripping book. *Close to Shore* (Random House) takes the latter re-

search into sharks and combines it with social history to offer a superb re-creation of a particular moment in American life.

Quite a lot is known about the rogue predator that caused the mayhem—if, in fact, the shark in question was the great white a terrified swimmer beat to death with an oar on July 16, 1916, in Raritan Bay, just south of Staten Island. It's certainly the prime suspect, since that intruder female—about eight years old, 2.2 m long and weighing 160 kg—had seven kilograms of human flesh and bone in its stomach. By the best guess of modern experts, the shark had found itself unable to escape a strong Gulf Stream current that eventually deposited it off the coast of New Jersey, its waters devoid of its usual marine quarry. In one way, the great white was lucky in its

timing. Not long before, there might have been nothing to eat, but 1916—the last summer of prewar America—was in many ways the Year of the Beach.

A combination of factors—among them cheap railway fares, new ideas on healthful exercise and a polo epidemic—had lured a burgeoning population of ocean bathers out of the country's largest cities. The beaches rapidly turned into loca of contemporary culture wars. Along the rammed seaboard, policemen (and police matrons) armed with tape measures rove through the surf in pursuit of young people in daring and illegal bathing suits. But in the New Jersey resort of Beach Haven, where upper-class Philadelphiaans summered and the shark charged its first victim on July 1, the old rules still applied. Blatantly unaware that 90

per cent of great white victims are eaten in dark colors—for more people than the Internet has ever killed. (Aizen sold briskly in 1916, regardless of the fact few knew how to swim them.)

By July 6, five days after it killed the 22-year-old son of a prominent Philadelphia physician off Beach Haven, the shark had swum 80 km further north, very near to president Woodrow Wilson's summer White House. There it charged both legs off a hotel bathing capstan. Full-blown panic and a media frenzy now gripped the Atlantic shore. Armed men in boats patrolled the beaches and men were strung around them, even so, hundreds of holiday-makers cancelled their oceanic bookings and headed for the mountains. But the shark did not settle again until July 12, af-

ter the deaths stunned scientists and laymen alike. Leading experts, all of whom believed sharks harmless to humans, continued to the end to ignore eyewitness accounts, suggesting criminal culpability ranging from orca to giant mackerels. And in an age that thought it had accomplished what was grandly called the Conquest of Nature, a creature baying back was a moral affront. It was also one more anxiety for an already uneasy society. Beyond their concern over the younger generation's shocking bathing attire, older Americans could see their nation being inexorably drawn into the two-year-old European war in a coincidence gloriously seized upon by editorial commentators, on the very day of the shark's first attack another sea monster arose from the depths. Even on a friendly visit to Baltimore harbor, the Deutschland, Germany's newest U-boat, was as ominous sight to many Americans.

In short, lay Edwardian America was as on that furred over the impact of new technology as much as our own does. And with perhaps better reason. The destructive power of war-making machines, many commentators wrote, was but an extension of the general dangers of modernity. In the days before the shark and the U-boat cast their shadows over the summer, a corener's request in Philadelphia investigated the deaths of 63

city pedestrians hit by motorcars in the previous six months—for more people than the Internet has ever killed. (Aizen sold briskly in 1916, regardless of the fact few knew how to swim them.)

By July 6, five days after it killed the 22-year-old son of a prominent Philadelphia physician off Beach Haven, the shark had swum 80 km further north, very near to president Woodrow Wilson's summer White House. There it charged both legs off a hotel bathing capstan. Full-blown panic and a media frenzy now gripped the Atlantic shore. Armed men in boats patrolled the beaches and men were strung around them, even so, hundreds of holiday-makers cancelled their oceanic bookings and headed for the mountains. But the shark did not settle again until July 12, af-

ter the deaths stunned scientists and laymen alike. Leading experts, all of whom believed sharks harmless to humans, continued to the end to ignore eyewitness accounts, suggesting criminal culpability ranging from orca to giant mackerels. And in an age that thought it had accomplished what was grandly called the Conquest of Nature, a creature baying back was a moral affront. It was also one more anxiety for an already uneasy society. Beyond their concern over the younger generation's shocking bathing attire, older Americans could see their nation being inexorably drawn into the two-year-old European war in a coincidence gloriously seized upon by editorial commentators, on the very day of the shark's first attack another sea monster arose from the depths. Even on a friendly visit to Baltimore harbor, the Deutschland, Germany's newest U-boat, was as ominous sight to many Americans.

In short, lay Edwardian America was as on that furred over the impact of new technology as much as our own does. And with perhaps better reason. The destructive power of war-making machines, many commentators wrote, was but an extension of the general dangers of modernity. In the days before the shark and the U-boat cast their shadows over the summer, a corener's request in Philadelphia investigated the deaths of 63 city pedestrians hit by motorcars in the previous six months—for more people than the Internet has ever killed. (Aizen sold briskly in 1916, regardless of the fact few knew how to swim them.)

By July 6, five days after it killed the 22-year-old son of a prominent Philadelphia physician off Beach Haven, the shark had swum 80 km further north, very near to president Woodrow Wilson's summer White House. There it charged both legs off a hotel bathing capstan. Full-blown panic and a media frenzy now gripped the Atlantic shore. Armed men in boats patrolled the beaches and men were strung around them, even so, hundreds of holiday-makers cancelled their oceanic bookings and headed for the mountains. But the shark did not settle again until July 12, af-

ter the deaths stunned scientists and laymen alike. Leading experts, all of whom believed sharks harmless to humans, continued to the end to ignore eyewitness accounts, suggesting criminal culpability ranging from orca to giant mackerels. And in an age that thought it had accomplished what was grandly called the Conquest of Nature, a creature baying back was a moral affront. It was also one more anxiety for an already uneasy society. Beyond their concern over the younger generation's shocking bathing attire, older Americans could see their nation being inexorably drawn into the two-year-old European war in a coincidence gloriously seized upon by editorial commentators, on the very day of the shark's first attack another sea monster arose from the depths. Even on a friendly visit to Baltimore harbor, the Deutschland, Germany's newest U-boat, was as ominous sight to many Americans.

THE YEAR OF THE BEACH SAW A SHARK, A U-BOAT AND THE BATHING SUIT COPS



June's mechanical shark was larger but no more deadly than the one hunted by Matsumoto residents in 1916 (opposite)

ter it made a wrong turn only nine kilometers south of Coney Island. The juvenile great white entered the mouth of Matsumoto Creek, a wide tidal opening some 60 m across and full of salt water during high tide. But not far from its mouth, the Matsumoto dove dramatically to barely six meters across, with an even tighter navigable channel. Finding itself suddenly compressed into a narrow fish-bait and water passage, possibly unable to turn around, would have agitated the already stressed shark even further.

Hungry and uneasy it made its way upstream another two kilometers until the creek widened out into a swimming hole favored by the boys of the small town of Matsumoto, N.J. That hot afternoon, an

to climb the garwaka, grass agape, to reach him. Desperate, Schleier sent a broken oar and starting beating the shark, while barely dodging its counter-lunge. A lucky blow to the snout started it long enough for the swimmer to finish the job.

The rogue predator lingered long in New Jersey's folk memory, especially in Matsumoto, where the swimming hole fell into disuse. For years afterwards, fish shams could close beaches in moments, as it gradually sank in just how far nature remained unconquered. When Matsumoto Schleier unruffled his trophy and released it in the window of his local New York papers, the Harlem *Free Press*, 30,000 people lined up to see it, just to be sure one accurate, at least, was truly dead. ■



In the Eye of the BEHOLDER

By PATRICIA CHISHOLM

A single ghostly ring-only floating on the surface of a lustrous pale green bowl. A huge vase made of emerald, panel glass, its blown base tapering into a delicately ruffled neck, like some timeless prehistoric creature. Cups and saucers precariously stacked on plates, a pyramid made swirling from the surface of one vessel to another. Such are the works of



Canada's leading artisans in glass and clay—technically brilliant, aesthetically innovative and conceptually adventurous.

The world is beginning to notice. Long overshadowed by the larger and much wealthier American crafts community, Canadian fine ceramic and glass artisans are more than coming into their own. Some are pushing their craft into the realm of art by creating objects with the qualities of sculpture. Their works are displayed in an increasing number of public galleries across the country and many exhibit regularly abroad. Although making a living by throwing pots or blowing glass is still far from easy, over the last five years top names like glassmaker Jeff Goodman and potter Peter Pomering have found ready markets on both sides of the border, with some selling as much as half of their work in the United States. Others, like conceptual ceramicist Jeanne Mah and Paul Methuen, sell relatively little to individuals but are collected by many leading international galleries and museums. "Pieces by Canadians are now as good as those from any country and that is ap-

Canada's finest artisans are pushing their craft into the realm of art

proved glass to be blown in studio conditions. The studio, still headed by Crichson, now houses one of the largest academic glass programs in North America, with space for 60 full-time students. The supply of artists is matched by a growing demand for unique, beautifully made objects for the home—and by a willingness to pay for them. Joan Chalmers has been one of Canada's most generous sup-

porters of craft art for more than four decades, funding awards and using her Toronto home to display her own extensive collection. "Most people are realizing that it is all right to buy something that is one of a kind that can also be used in everyday life," she says. And there is, of course, the sheer pleasure of possessing a striking object, whether or not it holds down or pours tea.

Some of Canada's finest artisans talk about what they are trying to achieve in their work:

HARLAN HOUSE ceramics

Harlan House, who lives near Belleville, Ont., has been making beautiful, functional pottery for more than 30 years. Known for the soft, lustrous quality of his glazes—drawn mostly from traditional Chinese and Japanese techniques—House produces pale green bowls, plates and vases, many with gentle swirls or images of animals subtly worked into the surface. Always at work, House, 57, is currently working on a series of long, narrow vases that are designed to be laid on their sides. Placed this way, they take up much more space, turning a table into a plinth for the display of a functional object that is also art.

"The idea is to ensure how much attention can be focused on a single piece," House says. One of the most ardent defenders of the notion that the distinction between art and craft is passé, House believes there should be no barriers in this process being used, despite their prices—





CRIC had ordered the network, which had just bought TSN, to sell one of the sports channels. And since Rogers had a previously arranged right of first refusal on CTV's Sportsnet share, there was only one real option.

For Rogers, which owns *Marlin's* and other magazines, as well as networks in TV, radio, cable and telecommunications, the acquisition—estimated to be worth about \$120 million—means access to sports holdings. Last year, the Toronto-based corporation bought the city's Blue Jays baseball club, and it's rumored to be rumored in a share of Maple Leaf Sports & Entertainment Inc., owner of the Air Canada Centre and its many tenants, the Toronto Maple Leafs and Raptors. As well, Rogers may sell part of its Sportsnet holding to the CBC, which would give the public broadcaster a cable partner for some events while adding to Sportsnet's production capabilities and on-air talent.

Rogers now owns the Blue Jays and Judy Weaver's Sportsnet

JOINING THE TEAM

The deal had been in the works so long it hardly seemed like news when Rogers Communications Inc. finally acquired controlling interest in Sportsnet. Rogers, which already owned 29.9 per cent of the cable sports channel, added CTV's 40-per-cent share 16 months after the

WHERE ANYTHING GOES

Almost anything is available—for a price—on eBay, the online auction service. This is especially true for music fans. What tickets to that sold-out Backstreet Boys concert? The problem. Desperate for an ultra-rare bootleg recording of the Raging Storms? Piece of cake. Last month, even a "rock star celebrity endorsement"—once located in Vancouver's Little Mountain studio and used by the likes of Aerosmith, AC/DC and Boyz n the Band—sold, for \$3,037.



Young (left), the Spinners and their prize bootlegs eBay is also highly sought-after: Jordan Lightfoot's first album, *The Two Faces of the Village Corner*, recorded in 1962 when young "Gord" was in a duo with singer Terry Winters, recently sold for \$693

And in late June, musician items—including a guitar autographed by the Guess Who, a songbook signed by Leonard Cohen and a poster of the Tragically Hip's Gord Downie autographed by the entire band—sold on eBay for \$603, \$332 and \$600, respectively, in an effort to benefit the CMRWA's Miracle Network charity. But the holy grail for many CD-track collectors is the first recording made by Neil Young and his Winnipeg band, the Squires, a 45 (r.p.m.) recorded in 1963 featuring two of Young's earliest compositions, *The Squires* and *Aeros*. A copy of that record became the source of a fierce bidding war on eBay in June. The winning bidder paid the princely sum of \$3,534 for that precious piece of vinyl. Keep on record in the e-world, fellas.

Michael Javitsky

School of hard knocks

The Second World War appraised located on the shores of Lake Ontario was, according to Lynn Philip Hodgson's *Devil Camp X (Blue Book)*, so secret even prime minister William Lyon Mackenzie King was not fully informed of its activities. Had he known, King may well have been shocked by the gauging on outside Wharby.

Ost. Records, drawn from Canada's ethnic groups—French-Canadians were in particular demand—on Boston like James Bond creator Ian Fleming, was subject to live-instruction training. (Would-be agents who failed to survive were issued death certificates recording illness or death in combat.) They also underwent mock interrogations by Gestapo-trained Germans borrowed from a nearby POW compound.



Best Sellers		POSITION LAST WEEK
Fiction		
1. <i>DOWN BY THE RIVER</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	2	1
2. <i>THE DUNE CRAWLER</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	3	1
3. <i>WALLS</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	4	1
4. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	5	1
5. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	6	1
6. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	7	1
7. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	8	1
8. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	9	1
9. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	10	1
10. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	11	1
11. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	12	1
12. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	13	1
13. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	14	1
14. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	15	1
15. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	16	1
16. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	17	1
17. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	18	1
18. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	19	1
19. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	20	1
20. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	21	1
21. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	22	1
22. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	23	1
23. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	24	1
24. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	25	1
25. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	26	1
26. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	27	1
27. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	28	1
28. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	29	1
29. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	30	1
30. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	31	1
31. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	32	1
32. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	33	1
33. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	34	1
34. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	35	1
35. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	36	1
36. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	37	1
37. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	38	1
38. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	39	1
39. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	40	1
40. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	41	1
41. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	42	1
42. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	43	1
43. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	44	1
44. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	45	1
45. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	46	1
46. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	47	1
47. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	48	1
48. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	49	1
49. <i>THE FLOODING</i> (Michael Ondaatje)	50	1

THE INTERNET GUIDE

Mastermindtoys.com
Shop in Canada and the U.S.
FREE gift wrapping and gift bags

Henry's Photo, Video & Design
www.henrys.com
email: info@henrys.com

The 100% Canadian online toy store with Lego, Thomas and Eric wooden trains, Corolla dolls, KNDK, science kits, a library-built book selection, puppets, arts & crafts, board games, puzzles, games, music, software and more.

Over 4,000 photos, videos, digital and used products, 10 years in business. Secure transactions, downloadable e-books and e-cards. We ship Canada-wide on a daily basis. Your best Canadian Imaging Resource.

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

Spas Ontario
www.spasontario.com
800-950-7702

Goldara Kitchen
Kitchenware for Canadian
go.kitchenware.com 1-800-606-84-99

ALL THAT (LATIN) JAZZ

With the success of the *Barrio Vito* Social Club, Cuba has become the most infectious force in world music since Jimi Hendrix. But while Mexico may be the most popular, the explosion of Latin jazz is a much wider phenomenon. And in *Calle 54*, Spike Jonze's directorial debut, the film's director, director Fernando Trueba (both Spanish) captures its sophisticated passion with a luscious mix of music and film. Spotting a dozen musicians, Trueba shoots them in studio, against vibrant color backdrops. Brief documentary segments introduce the players, but the record is as performance. And the stage is breathtaking—four Puerto Rican dancers perform to the gypsy's collection of percussionists. The Puerto Rican dancers perform to the gypsy's collection of percussionists. The Puerto Rican dancers perform to the gypsy's collection of percussionists.



New York musician Jimmy Gomez

one virtuoso Michel Camille never lets us forget the piano is a percussion instrument. This, drawing on the same Afro-Cuban influences, Cuba's *Calle 54* takes us to the heart of the music. Trueba also delivers the film's most tender moments, joining his father, Roberto Trueba, for a piano duet—their first meeting in five years. *Calle 54* itself is a rare event, a documentary that plays like a real movie, the kind that gets interrupted by applause. Don't wait for it. See it with an audience.

Robert B. Johnson



Allan Fotheringham

Envy the piano player

How ya gonna keep him back in politics after his been Peter Piano-playing, semi-playing Don Johnston, in his magnificent third-floor residence on Avenue Henri-Martin just off the Bois-de-Boulogne, has no interest in that dull field. When you've just been given a second five-year term as secretary general of the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development, life is just a bowl of cherries.

He's already been through one Liberal leadership race. Where would you rather be—not heading for delirium in Red Deer church basement and pleading for campaign funds on Bay Street's marinière, or travelling the world and monitoring the economies of 30 countries? It's a no-brainer, and he knows it.

His only problem is explaining what exactly the OECD does. "It's neither the International Monetary Fund nor the World Bank," he tries. The G-7 countries account for 50 per cent of the world's economic output. The OECD's 30 nations account for two-thirds of the globe's economic output.

Lanky Don Johnston, with his bloodhound face, indeed looks somewhat like the piano player in a bad saloon. He comes from very humble beginnings, born in an Ottawa Valley house that had a dirt floor. He paid his way through university by teaching tennis in the summers at exclusive girls' schools in New England. He rose to be a cabinet minister in Pierre Trudeau's government and then a top lawyer down the hall from Trudeau's prestigious Montreal-based law firm. He certainly will be at the September memorial service for his old drinking buddy, Marcelle Richer. At 65, he never does get to life.

His OECD was created in its present form in 1961. But its origins go back to 1947 when, as the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation—OEEC—it oversaw the launch of the Marshall Plan, the genesis of the generosity of the American people under secretary of state Gen. George Marshall in reconstructing the Europe that had been ravaged by war. The core of original members has expanded from Europe and North America to include Japan, Finland, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland, South Korea and the Slovak Republic.

Johnston, always with his tennis racket under his arm,



runs the world—and always can find a piano at any dinner party, banging the keys and leading the sing-along. He secretly would like to be a Broadway performer as Anglo-Saxon Victor Borje. His latest piano took him to Madrid, Venice, Istanbul and Montreal. He wins all the G-7 world leaders once a year. It's better than Quaker Oats.

"Inadvisably," he says, "it's the toughest job I've ever had." He has 140 committees and working groups to supervise. To keep him sane there are the after-dinner cigars and the large piano, after retiring from the dining room that is done entirely in Monet's signature colour of blue. Not to mention his wife, Heather, and their four beautiful daughters. They suck enough plus in him to ease down his formidable ego.

Trying to make an unmanageable world manageable, the OECD has a Convention on Combating Baffery of Foreign Public Officials. OECD officials are also now working on a project to explain to the rest of the world the fuzzy consensus of the mysterious China giant.

The piano player's route to Paris had to do with his conduct while in Ottawa, along with all those other guys—John Roberts, John Turner, somebody called Chrétien—who would follow in Trudeau's large footsteps. Johnston broke with Turner over March Lake. He was the only leading Liberal to push for free trade. When the free-trade Americans were looking for any candidate but a European proponent to head the OECD in 1996, Washington, knowing any Yink was impossible, put all its chips behind a free-trade married Johnston from Ottawa. Somebody obviously likes him, was one of the new five-year extension of his term.

The OECD even has a study on genetically modified food that confuses North Americans because it is called GM and not terrifies Europeans who call it "Frankenstein food." The guy who tries to keep a handle on all this sits down with Russian President Vladimir Putin and seems to live on an airplane.

The OECD headquarters, within walking distance of his pad on Avenue Henri-Martin and a tennis court in the leafy Bois-de-Boulogne, is a former chateau donated by the Rothschilds. In Johnston's huge office is his own personal Vietnam, to get him through the day when the documents and the bureaucrats get too much. A piano mounds against the wall,

Rosalee Rivest,
Allianz Canada Caregiver of the Year,
2000



Nominate someone you know.

Allianz Canada Caregiver of the Year Awards

\$10,000 NATIONAL AWARD \$1,000 REGIONAL AWARDS
Given to exceptional Canadians providing care in a non-professional capacity.

Send a testimonial of 500 words, or less, describing the circumstances of both the caregiver and this recipient of care to the address below. Be sure to include your name and contact information along with the names and contact information of the caregiver you are nominating, the recipient of care, and one other person familiar with the caregiving situation.

- Qualifying testimonials will be assessed by a committee including distinguished health care professionals.
- Nominations must be postmarked on or before August 31, 2001.
- The five regions for which awards may be given are: Maritimes (Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland), Quebec, Ontario, Western Region (Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta) and British Columbia (B.C. and the Territories). A pool of leading testimonials will be selected by the committee. The five awards (one national and four regional awards) will be selected from the pool of leading testimonials. If a region is not represented in the pool of leading testimonials selected by the committee, an award for that region will not be granted.
- Award recipients will be announced on or about November 15, 2001.
- Award recipients will be selected from qualifying testimonials only. Caregivers cannot nominate themselves.

Send testimonials to: Allianz Canada, Caregiver of the Year Awards, PO Box 126, 15 York Mills Road, Toronto, ON M2P 2G5. IF YOU ARE CONSIDERING SUBMITTING A NOMINATION, PLEASE OBTAIN A COMPLETE COPY OF THE OFFICIAL NOMINATION CRITERIA AND GUIDELINES FOR AWARDS BY MAILING REQUEST AT: WWW.ALLIANZ-CA-OR-FY-WEBING.TX. ALLIANZ CANADA, AWARD PROGRAM, 35 YORK MILLS ROAD, SUITE 101, TORONTO, ON M2P 2G5.

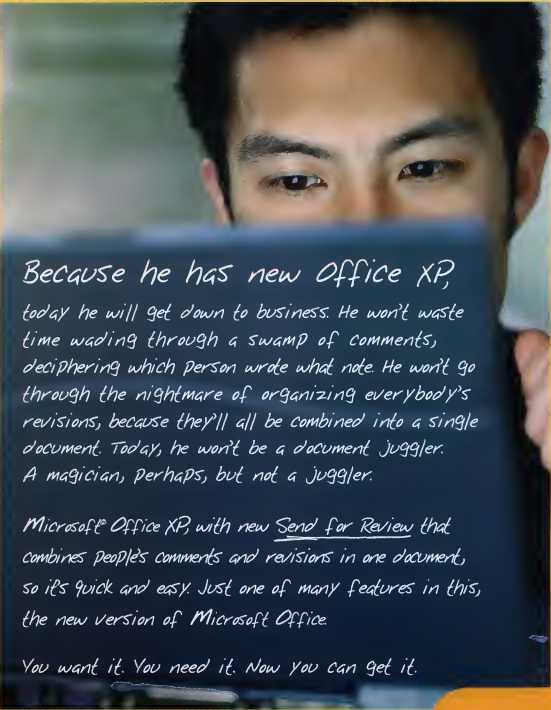
Personal, Commercial, International and Special Risk Insurance

Allianz Canada Protecting what matters™

Allianz

Allianz Insurance Company of Canada. Trilogix Insurance Company of Canada.

www.allianz.ca



*Because he has new Office XP,
today he will get down to business. He won't waste
time wading through a swamp of comments,
deciphering which person wrote what note. He won't go
through the nightmare of organizing everybody's
revisions, because they'll all be combined into a single
document. Today, he won't be a document juggler.
A magician, perhaps, but not a juggler.*

*Microsoft® Office XP, with new Send for Review that
combines people's comments and revisions in one document,
so it's quick and easy. Just one of many features in this,
the new version of Microsoft Office.*

You want it. You need it. Now you can get it.



Microsoft
Office xp

Experience the interactive tour and learn more at microsoft.ca/office

Microsoft®